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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

[We have desired in this sheet to give a fair Christmas specimen of our *Gazette*, after having reached an age not very general in periodical literature. It has seen not a few clever and creditable publications founded upon its example; for be it remembered it is the first of its kind that was ever brought forward and succeeded in England. Some failed, and some remain to enlarge the circle, which has had, and has, no small effect upon the Literature, Art, and Science of the country. For a prompt weekly power is a strong one for right or wrong; and a trust which should never be trifled with nor abused. To the best of our abilities, and with the co-operation of allies, eminent in various branches of literature and science, we hope that we have steered clear of the former; and sure we are that we have most conscientiously laboured to avoid the latter of these errors, which we should deem breaches of the public confidence, and ingratitude for public encouragement. Inviting new friends to begin the new year with us, and promising them *Gazettes like the present*, full of original, instructive, and amusing matter, we wish our kind and steady old ones a pleasant passage through the twelve holidays, from the Christmas pie, pudding, and mistletoe, to the bean cake and the royalty revels, which make so many youthful hearts happier than those of kings or queens.]

Christmas.

The Haunted Man, and the Ghost's Bargain. By Charles Dickens. Bradbury and Evans.

MR. DICKENS comes before the public under considerable disadvantages. He is not tried by an ordinary, or even by a high standard, but by the extraordinary and bright measure of his own fame. He is compared with no other author, dead or living, but with himself, as if

None but himself could be his parallel;

and it is a very severe test. We do not think the most self-conceited writer living (and that is much) would like to be tried by it. Dickens, however, must be: God keep his memory green!

The machinery of this "Fancy" is of an order very difficult to manage, so as to evolve the web, beautifully stamped with life figures and lessons of humanity; and we confess that, novel and interesting as is its conception, we have not felt that it helped our understanding or admiration of the tale. Yet it is well wrought out, and dialogues between a man and his own shadow (sometimes confronting him) are made to pass upon us by the skill and power of the artist. Out of this supernatural source grows the first evil principle illustrated by the work; for (such is the Ghost's bargain) the Shadow dooms the Haunted Man to a forgetfulness of all his past sorrows, wrongs, and troubles—the gift of communicating the same insensibility to others—and to a consequent utter selfishness, which feels not, cares not, reckons not for the pains, griefs, and sufferings of all the world around.* The hero in this line is something beyond a misanthrope. His contrast is natural kind-heartedness and Benevolence, embodied in the person of Mrs. William Swidger, a humble female, the wife of the gatekeeper of the public endowed institution of which Mr. Redlaw, the haunted man, is the principal resident and lecturer on chemistry. The story is mounted on these two Spirits of Darkness and of Light. It opens with an elaborate description of the former, and his dwelling place; and, glancing from this dismal abode "in city close ypent," presents us a mere poetical, though not more striking view of the closing in of a stormy winter evening in the country—

"When twilight everywhere released the shadows, prisoned up all day, that now closed in and gathered like mustering swarms of ghosts. When they stood

lowering, in corners of rooms, and frowned out from behind half-opened doors. When they had full possession of unoccupied apartments. When they danced upon the floors, and walls, and ceilings of inhabited chambers, while the fire was low, and withdrew like ebbing waters when it sprang into a blaze. When they fantastically mocked the shapes of household objects, making the nurse an ogre, the rocking-horse a monster, the wondering child half-scared and half-amused, a stranger to itself,—the very tongs upon the hearth, a straddling giant with his arms a-kimbo, evidently smelling the blood of Englishmen, and wanting to grind people's bones to make his bread."

The characters now step in with Mr. Redlaw's dinner, and we are introduced to the old father of the Swidgers, aged eighty-seven, and verging into his second childhood—a well-drawn part; and his Echo son, Mr. William—a specimen of the author's originality; and the Mrs. William of whom we have already spoken. They deck the chamber with holly, in doing which we have the following conversation:—

"My duty to you, sir," returned the old man. "Should have spoke before, sir, but know your ways, Mr. Redlaw—proud to say—and wait till spoke to! Merry Christmas, sir, and happy New Year, and many of 'em. Have had a pretty many of 'em myself—ha, ha!—and may take the liberty of wishing 'em. I'm eighty-seven!"

"Have you had so many that were merry and happy?" asked the other.

"Ay, sir, ever so many," returned the old man.

"Is his memory impaired with age? It is to be expected now," said Mr. Redlaw, turning to the son, and speaking lower.

"Not a morsel of it, sir," replied Mr. William. "That's exactly what I say myself, sir. There never was such a memory as my father's. He's the most wonderful man in the world. He don't know what forgetting means. It's the very observation I'm always making to Mrs. William, sir, if you'll believe me!"

The scene shifts to another quarter—the shop and numerous infant family of Mr. Tetterby, a news-vender, &c., in a small way; and here, as in all his sketches of lowly London life, Mr. Dickens is completely at home, with the slightest shade of caricature here and there, as in the small boy who has the nursing of the Moloch baby, but which appearance of overdoing arises rather from the iteration of the subject, than from any want of its truth and reality, as may be witnessed every day of the year in our closes, alleys, and streets:—

"Besides these, (other five Tetterby boys,) another little boy—the biggest there, but still little—was tottering to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposed, by a fiction that obtains sometimes in sanguine families, to be hushing to sleep. But oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which this baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare, over his unconscious shoulder!"

"It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet in any one place, for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. 'Tetterby's baby' was as well known in the neighbourhood as the postman or the pot-boy. It roved from door-step to door-step, in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the Tumblers or the Monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too

late for everything that was attractive, from Monday morning until Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England, and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to anybody, and could never be delivered anywhere.

"It was a peculiarity of this baby to be always cutting teeth. Whether they never came, or whether they came and went away again, is not in evidence; but it had certainly cut enough, on the showing of Mrs. Tetterby, to make a handsome dental provision for the sign of the Bull and Mouth. All sorts of objects were impressed for the rubbing of its gums, notwithstanding that it always carried, dangling at its waist, (which was immediately under its chin,) a bone ring, large enough to have represented the rosary of a young nun. Knife-handles, umbrella-tops, the heads of walking sticks selected from the stock, the fingers of the family in general, but especially of Johnny, nutmeg-graters, crusts, the handles of doors, and the cool knobs on the tops of pokers, were among the commonest instruments indiscriminately applied for this baby's relief. The amount of electricity that must have been rubbed out of it in a week, is not to be calculated. Still Mrs. Tetterby always said 'it was coming' through, and then the child would be herself; and still it never did come through, and the child continued to be somebody else."

And the male parent is another of our author's genuine portraits:—

"The small man who sat in the small parlour, making fruitless attempts to read his newspaper peepably in the midst of this disturbance, was the father of the family, and the chief of the firm described in the inscription over the little shop front, by the name and title of A. TETTERBY AND CO., NEWSMANS. Indeed, strictly speaking, he was the only personage answering to that designation, as Co. was a mere poetical abstraction, altogether baseless and impersonal.

"Tetterby's was the corner shop in Jerusalem Buildings. There was a good show of literature in the window, chiefly consisting of picture-newspapers out of date, and serial picares and footpads. Walking-sticks, likewise, and marbles, were included in the stock in trade. It had once extended into the light confectionery line; but it would seem that those elegancies of life were not in demand about Jerusalem Buildings, for nothing connected with that branch of commerce remained in the window, except a sort of small glass lantern containing a languishing mass of bull's-eyes, which had melted in the summer and congealed in the winter, until all hope of ever getting them out, or of eating them without eating the lantern too, was gone for ever. Tetterby's had tried its hand at several things. It had once made a feeble little dart at the toy business; for, in another lantern, there was a heap of minute wax dolls, all sticking together aside down in the direct confusion, with their feet on one another's heads, and a preposterous of broken arms and legs at the bottom. It had made a move in the millinery direction, which a few dry, wiry bonnet shapes remained in a corner of the

* "I have lost my memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble," said the Chemist: "and with that I have lost all, man would remember!"

window to attest. It had fancied that a living might lie hidden in the tobacco trade, and had stuck up a representation of a native of each of the three integral portions of the British empire, in the act of consuming that fragrant weed; with a poetic legend attached, importing that united in one cause they sat and joked, one chewed tobacco, one took snuff, one smoked; but nothing seemed to have come of it—except flies. Time had been when it had put a forlorn trust in imitative jewellery, for in one pane of glass there was a card of cheap seals, and another of pencil cases, and a mysterious black amulet of inscrutable intention labelled ninetence. But, to that hour, Jerusalem Buildings had bought none of them. In short, Tetterby's had tried so hard to get a livelihood out of Jerusalem Buildings in one way or other, and appeared to have done so indifferently in all, that the best position in the firm was too evidently Co.'s; Co., as a bodiless creation, being untroubled with the vulgar inconveniences of hunger and thirst, being chargeable neither to the poor's-rates nor the assessed taxes, and having no young family to provide for.

The dread influence of Redlaw in transferring, without losing, his fatal feelings to others with whom he comes into contact, is exhibited in various ways: upon an ingenuous sick student, connected with a touching underplot; upon the old man of eighty-seven; upon son William; upon Tetterby and wife, whose matrimonial eriminations, in consequence, are very amusing and very life-like; even upon their children; and upon incidental parties found in a vile lodging-house for travellers (which is another of the pictures in which Mr. Dickens excels)—is all painted with great talent. The only two beings on whom this influence cannot be exercised are the benevolent Mrs. William, and a wretch of a child, one of the homeless, parentless, untaught, uneducated, and precocious little villains, thieving and starving upon the town. On behalf of his class, the author through him makes a striking appeal—one not to be lost even upon those who have never yet given a thought to juvenile crime, prison discipline, or ragged schools:—

"You speak to me of what is lying here," the Phantom interposed, and pointed with its finger to the boy.

"I do," returned the Chemist. "You know what I would ask. Why has this child alone been proof against my influence, and why, why, have I detected in its thoughts a terrible companionship with mine?" "This," said the Phantom, pointing to the boy, "is the last, completest illustration of a human creature, utterly bereft of such remembrances as you have yielded up. No softening memory of sorrow, wrong, or trouble, enters here, because this wretched mortal from his birth has been abandoned to a worse condition than the beasts, and has, within his knowledge, no one contrast, no humanising touch, to make a grain of such a memory spring up in his hardened breast. All within this desolate creature is barren wilderness. All within the man bereft of what you have resigned, is the same barren wilderness. Woe to such a man! Woe, tenfold, to the nation that shall count its monsters such as this, lying here, by hundreds and by thousands!"

"Redlaw shrunk, appalled, from what he heard. "There is not," said the Phantom, "one of these—not one—but sows a harvest that mankind must reap. From every seed of evil in this boy, a field of ruin is grown that shall be gathered in, and garnered up, and sown again in many places in the world, until regions are overspread with wickedness enough to raise the waters of another Deluge. Open and unpunished murder in a city's streets would be less guilty in its daily toleration, than one such spectacle as this."

"It seemed to look down upon the boy in his sleep. Redlaw, too, looked down upon him with a new emotion.

"There is not a father," said the Phantom, "by whose side, in his daily or his nightly walk, these creatures pass; there is not a mother among all the ranks of loving mothers in this land; there is no one risen from the state of childhood, but shall be respon-

sible in his or her degree for this enormity. There is not a country throughout the earth on which it would not bring a curse. There is no religion upon earth that it would not deny; there is no people upon earth it would not put to shame."

"The Chemist clasped his hands, and looked, with trembling fear and pity, from the sleeping boy to the Phantom, standing above him with its finger pointing down."

"Behold, I say," pursued the Spectre, "the perfect type of what it was your choice to be. Your influence is powerless here, because from this child's bosom you can banish nothing. His thoughts have been in 'terrible companionship' with yours, because you have gone down to his unnatural level. He is the growth of man's indifference; you are the growth of man's presumption. The beneficent design of Heaven is, in each case, overthrown, and from the two poles of the immaterial world you come together."

"The Chemist stooped upon the ground beside the boy, and, with the same kind of compassion for him that he now felt for himself, covered him as he slept, and no longer shrunk from him with abhorrence or indifference."

We should notice that the foregoing quotation belongs to the narrative after the fatal gift has been reversed.

But the finest portion of the whole is the resistance to the infection opposed by the beneficent woman, who tries to make everybody happy, whom everybody loves, and whose presence sheds sunshine wherever she goes. We cannot exclude this last pathetic touch, which to our mind the author never surpassed:—

"In the few moments that elapsed, while Milly silently took him to the gate, the Chemist dropped into his chair, and covered his face with his hands. Seeing him thus, when she came back, accompanied by her husband and his father (who were both greatly concerned for him), she avoided disturbing him, or permitting him to be disturbed; and knelt down near the chair to put some warm clothing on the boy."

"That's exactly where it is. That's what I always say, father!" exclaimed her admiring husband. "There's a motherly feeling in Mrs. William's breast that must and will have went!"

"Ay, ay," said the old man; "you're right. My son William's right!"

"It happens all for the best, Milly dear, no doubt," said Mr. William, tenderly, "that we have no children of our own; and yet I sometimes wish you had one to love and cherish. Our little dead child that you built such hopes upon, and that never breathed the breath of life—it has made you quiet-like, Milly."

"I am very happy in the recollection of it, William dear," she answered. "I think of it every day."

"I was afraid you thought of it a good deal."

"Don't say afraid; it is a comfort to me; it speaks to me in so many ways. The innocent thing that never lived on earth, is like an angel to me, William."

"You are like an angel to father and me," said Mr. William, softly. "I know that."

"When I think of all those hopes I built upon it, and the many times I sat and pictured to myself the little smiling face upon my bosom that never lay there, and the sweet eyes turned up to mine that never opened to the light," said Milly, "I can feel a greater tenderness, I think, for all the disappointed hopes in which there is no harm. When I see a beautiful child in its fond mother's arms, I love it all the better, thinking that my child might have been like that, and might have made my heart as proud and happy."

"Redlaw raised his head, and looked towards her."

"All through life, it seems by me," she continued, "to tell me something. For poor neglected children, my little child pleads as if it were alive, and had a voice I knew, with which to speak to me. When I hear of youth in suffering or shame, I think that my child might have come to that, perhaps, and that God took it from me in his mercy. Even in age and grey

hair, such as father's, it is present: saying that it too might have lived to be old, long and long after you and I were gone, and to have needed the respect and love of younger people."

"Her quiet voice was quieter than ever, as she took her husband's arm, and laid her head against it."

"Children love me so, that sometimes I half fancy—it's a silly fancy, William—they have some way I don't know of, of feeling for my little child, and me, and understanding why their love is precious to me. If I have been quiet since, I have been more happy, William, in a hundred ways. Not least happy, dear, in this—that even when my little child was born and dead but a few days, and I was weak and sorrowful, and could not help grieving a little, the thought arose, that if I tried to lead a good life, I should meet in heaven a bright creature, who would call me, Mother!"

"Redlaw fell upon his knees, with a loud cry."

"O Thou," he said, "who, through the teaching of pure love, hast graciously restored me to the memory which was the memory of Christ upon the cross, and of all the good who perished in His cause, receive my thanks, and bless her!"

A glorious lesson for Christmas-day!

We have only left room to say that the volume is charmingly embellished. Leech has outdone himself in Redlaw and the Phantom, and also with the Imp of Satan boy, which are full of force; whilst he is cleverly comic with the Tetterbys and opening the Shop, including Johnny and Moloch. Stanfield has an admirable Lighthouse, the Old Cottage, and the Christmas Party in the Hall; and Tenniel and Frank Stone contribute graceful pieces—the former chiefly in illustrated title-pages, and the latter in the softer scenes, where the darling Milly shines.

A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam. By the author of "Old Jolliffe," "A Merry Christmas," &c. Wright.

We cannot but look on this wee book but as the work of one of those wee fairies who delight in performing services for the human race: such as, sweep the house, skim the milk, churn the butter, and execute many other useful and agreeable services, whilst families are fast asleep, and only wake to discover how kind the tiny elves have been. *Aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*, is the moral of this pleasant and interesting story, to which we assign in this *Gazette* a place immediately after Charles Dickens's as its due, for many passages not unworthy of him, and for a general scheme quite in unison with his best feelings towards the lowly and depressed. Like the Christmas volume just gone before, it is of a nature to awaken the kinder sympathies of the heart, and direct the mind to the only true source of happiness—that of not being indifferent to, but desirous to promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

The hero is an old cobbler of the name of David Coombe, who is led by a Sunbeam to forsake squalor and apathy for cleanliness and activity. His cellar lodging is dark and forlorn enough:—

"Cold and cheerless enough it was to be sure, in doors and out; the people in the streets were hurrying along bowing their heads, as if to induce the wind to attack the crowns of their hats and bonnets, instead of their poor blue noses. Men in rough coats had their hands snugly lodged in their pockets, only drawing them out, when at the corner of the street, the wind seemed to be disposed to blow off their hats, and they were obliged to make an effort to save them, and a remark at the same time, not altogether complimentary to the said wind, and poor women were shivering along, wanting infinitely more than two hands to keep on the shawl, bonnet and boa, and keep down the petticoats, so impeding their progress."

"And on each side the street shoeless beggars are half running, half walking after the passengers, beseeching charity.—'I'm so very cold and hungry,' the wretched, whining voice sounding more dismal still, as it mingles with the whistling of the wind.—And seated on the cold pavement is some horrid object with a board on his chest, and 'Starving,' in great letters, exhibited on it,—but it is useless to-day,—it is much too cold to stop and get out the purse, too cold to remove the hands from the comfortable muff or the

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warm pockets; so towards the middle of the day the starving man is tired out, and goes home to dinner.

"But poor old David Coombe has no dinner to go home to, nor no home but the little dark room in which he works; he has never told the pitying public he is starving, because, as he says, 'Why, I ain't a-starving while I can have some bread and some cheese, and now's then's some outsides of bacon, but still I think it's a hard case, as continually a-working don't bring nothing; and this here dismal hole as I live in,—why it ain't living 'pon my soul it ain't,—oh lor!'"

"Poor David, he always finished with 'oh lor,' and as he said it, it certainly was the acmé of despair, it seemed to come from the depths of that brawny chest with a kind of groan.

"David had always been a poor man, and it seemed that he always would be, he had no idea of improving his condition, no idea that he could be better off by his own exertions, but thought it was the duty of the rich to make him comfortable, and fully expected that one day some wealthy man would remove him from his wretched home and place him in independence; so he went on mending his neighbours' shoes, receiving the miserable payment which kept him from day to day, but never made him richer; he was matter of fact to the letter, and never told an untruth, but grumbled at his hard lot whenever any one went near him, until at length no one tried to comfort him, but left him to himself."

This introduction will show how well deserved our praise is; and ushers in the Spirit of Light, who speaks the words of encouragement and comfort.

"Mortal, why are you so terrified, I will not harm you; you wished for me but now, to lighten your gloomy dwelling, and in consideration of the good qualities you possess, I am come to tell you how you may secure me always, if you will.

"I and my brilliant sisters are many in number, and a bright and a joyous life we lead, for there is nothing on this large Earth that does not love us, and welcome our approach,—the little insects flutter lovingly about us, the flowers look brighter and more glad when we rest upon them; the water dances and sparkles with glee in the light of our smile; the animals love us, and sleep the sounder when we watch over them;—everywhere we are welcome, we make ourselves bright pathways through the foliage of the trees, and in the silent woods lie and sleep upon the fragrant violets; and here in the busy streets we are welcome too, and though we love the flowers and open fields the best, still we come to the dark, close streets and gladden them.

"In the gloomy prison we can enter, no heavy bolts can keep us out, and do we but know some poor being is there immured, who repents him of his crime, we enter there, to cheer and comfort him. The dark hold of the mighty ship tossed on the cold waters, we visit too, bringing back sweet thoughts of their own land, to the exiles from their home.—By the sick and the sorrowing we take our place, we are with all who seek us, who try to find us;—with all who will lift their eyes from the earth, from the world and its grovelling cares, and seek us where alone we are to be found, in our own bright sky.—Though clouds may obscure us for awhile, we are still there, and shine the brighter for the passing gloom.

"But 'tis true in this world we are hard to catch, David Coombe, harder to some than others, you are one who find it hard, you say neither Winter nor Summer is your dwelling gladdened by our light; do you invite us, David Coombe? we love bright places and clean, and brave hearts, David, and above all, true and grateful hearts, who love, and worship, the Being who made us, and them. In these hearts, David, there is always a Sunbeam; no place is dark and joyless, however poor and wretched, to such hearts as these.

"Do you, then, endeavour to catch one of us, to gladden your heart and your dwelling,—I will tell you how to set the Trap.

"It must be bright and pure, and baited with Energy, Perseverance, Industry, Charity, Faith, Hope and Content. Do thus, David Coombe, and you will

never say again, no Sunbeam gilds your dwelling, nor gladdens your declining days;—till then, Farewell."

The counsel is adopted, and through the means of Mrs. Dennis, his kind-hearted landlady, who lives up stairs, David is set on foot in his altered career. We will not, however, spoil the short story by long extracts; but quote only one other bit as a specimen of the homely virtues of the lesson thus set before our young friends at the season when every humane and social sentiment ought to be indulged, and spite, rancour, and malice dismissed from the Christian breast.

"Perhaps you'll shake hands with me, it wont come off," he said as he held out his black hand to Mrs. Dennis.

"I am not afraid of that, Mr. Coombe, and I'm glad to shake hands with you,—I'm a rare one to shake hands; there ain't that being in the world as I wouldn't shake hands with, rich or poor, dirty or clean, good or bad; as for the dirt, why a little soap and water would soon settle that, if the hand as you'd hold of did soil your's, and I believe a good hearty shake of the hand goes right to people's hearts, and speaks more to them than a power of words. Well now, a sister of my husband's behaved uncommon badly to him, no mistake about it, and Tom he stuck out as he wouldn't speak to her again, nor yet let none of us. Well, do you know, that worried me so, I couldn't rest of a night, and I said to him just afore Christmas last year, 'Tom,' says I, 'make it up with 'Lisbeth, do, she's the only relation you've got, and you know she ain't rich, and 'pon my honour, Tom,' I says, 'the roast beef will stick in my throat o' Christmas day, if I don't see her at the table along with us, so I shall ask her, Tom, eh?' 'Do as you like,' says he; that was quite enough; I sent a message to her, and she came; well, the moment I saw her, I grasped hold of her hand, and gave it a hearty shake, and then Tom did, and all the children, we none of us said nothing, but them shakes of the hand said as plain as we could have spoke it, 'Lisbeth, all's forgiven and forgotten, let by-gones be by-gones!'"

"Oh! how the stream of golden light is shining on that good face. That night the sleep of David Coombe, the poor old cobbler, might have been envied by Princes; in his dreams bright visions flitted before his eyes, and he heard soft music, and sweet voices murmuring the words, 'Bless you, this is true Charity.'

"He awoke early and rose to look out of window, —yes, he could look out of window now. That sharp biting wind had driven up a snow storm, and the ground was thickly covered, but the masses of cloud were moving away slowly, showing glimpses of the pale blue sky, and David thought it would be a fine day after all.

"He eat his breakfast which he seemed to enjoy more than he had ever done for years, and then sat down to his work. It was no longer with a listless air that he handled his tools, but quickly his fingers moved, and suddenly a strange sound issued from his lips,—David Coombe was singing.

"The clouds had again gathered over the sky, and the snow was falling heavily; it was dark and gloomy out of doors, but David thought his room anything but gloomy, and he still continued that unearthly sound he called singing."

It is a nice job altogether; but, "Oh! lor," fairy author, how could you write that he "laid down?" This is the only mote we catch in our trap, and you must have it in your eye along with the Sunbeam of hearty praise sent thither by the *Literary Gazette*.

Christmas Eve, or the Story of Little Anton. Cundall.

From the German, and in the German tone of religious sentiment, or sentimental religion, Little Anton, an orphan wanderer, is sheltered and adopted by a forester, on Christmas eve, and the impression made on his mind by a picture of the birth of Christ, round which the forester, his wife, and children are grouped, shapes his future life till he becomes a celebrated painter. The boy's talk is somewhat too fine, at

least in the English version (see description of his father's death, page 18,) and there are occasionally awkward phrases—such as, when "Catherine and I were children like you are now." Books of instruction for young folks ought to beware of such faults. But the incidents related, and the moral inculcated in *Anton* are simple and effective, and he adds another to the store of Christmas presents which we can truly recommend, *ecce signum*—

"The grandfather said, 'The Christmas tree strikes me as being a very good thing. It was sensible and wise in our forefathers to make the Christmas festival a season of happiness. These childish pleasures make the festival of the Lord dear to children, and prepare their hearts for higher pleasures. From this time forth, the children of this house shall always have a Christmas tree; and if it is not so splendid, it shall at any rate give joy. It is right that children should be made happy. Apples, pears, and golden nuts shall not be wanting, if we have nothing better. We will not be sparing in giving our children innocent amusement."

To which doctrine we are sure every good boy and girl will say, Amen.

Dr. Birch and his Young Friends. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. Chapman and Hall.

THE boy is father to the man, as Titmarsh shows in his sketchy and clever picture of a boarding-school, the head of which, Dr. Birch, is a burly but not ill-tempered big-wig, his son a sanctified college prig, his managing sister one of the detestables, his daughter hardly more lovable, and his niece, Miss Raby, who teaches the very little pupils, the only being on the establishment of whom a good word may be spoken. To these add two Ushers, or Assistant Masters, the writer (Titmarsh), who is the Writing Master, and the Knife-boy, and you have the entire staff of Rodwell Regis,—the alumni of which are regimented and reviewed before us by the graphic pen and pencil (sixteen illustrations) of our entertaining author. We can only select a portrait or two as examples of the artist. First, there is

"Swanky, called Macassar, from his partiality to that condiment, and who has varnished boots, wears white gloves on Sundays, and looks out for Miss Pinkerton's school (transferred from Chiswick to Rodwell Regis, and conducted by the nieces of the late Miss Barbara Pinkerton, the friend of Our Great Lexicographer, upon the principles approved by him and practised by that admirable woman) as it passes into church."

"Representations have been made concerning Mr. Horace Swanky's behaviour; rumours have been uttered about notes in verse, conveyed in three-cornered puffs, by Mrs. Ruggles, who serves Miss Pinkerton's young ladies on Fridays,—and how Miss Didow, to whom the tart and enclosure were addressed, tried to make away with herself by swallowing a ball of cotton. But I pass over these absurd reports, as likely to affect the reputation of an admirable Seminary conducted by irreproachable females. As they go into church (Miss P. driving in her flock of lambskins with the crook of her parasol,) how can it be helped if her forces and ours sometimes collide, as the boys are on their way up to the organ-loft? And I don't believe a word about the three-cornered puff, but rather that it was the invention of that jealous Miss Birch, who is jealous of Miss Raby, jealous of everybody who is good and handsome, and who has her own ends in view, or I am very much in error."

A hopeless case is evidently from the life:—

"Those poor dunces! Talk of being the last man, ah! what a pang it must be to be the last boy—huge, mishapen, fourteen years of age,—and 'taken up' by a chap who is but six years old, and can't speak quite plain yet!"

"Master Hulker is in that condition at Birch's. He is the most honest, kind, active, plucky, generous creature. He can do many things better than most boys. He can go up a tree, jump, play at cricket, dive and swim perfectly—he can eat twice as much as almost any lady, (as Miss Birch well knows,) he has a pretty talent at carving figures with his hook-

knife, he makes and paints little coaches; he can take a watch to pieces, and put it together again. He can do everything but learn his lesson; and there he sticks at the bottom of the school, hopeless. As the little boys are drafted in from Miss Raby's class (it is true she is one of the best instructresses in the world,) they enter and hop over poor Hulker. He would be handed over to the governess, only he is too big. Sometimes I used to think that this desperate stupidity was a stratagem of the poor rascal's; and that he shammed dullness, so that he might be degraded into Miss Raby's class: if she would teach me, I know, before George, I would put on a pinafore and a little jacket—but no, it is a natural incapacity for the Latin Grammar.

"If you could see his grammar, it is a perfect curiosity of dog's ears. The leaves and cover are all curled and ragged. Many of the pages are worn away, with the rubbing of his elbows, as he sits poring over the hopeless volume, with the blows of his fists, as he thumps it madly, or with the poor fellow's tears. You see him wiping them away with the back of his hand, as he tries and tries, and can't do it.

"When I think of that Latin Grammar, and that infernal As in Præsent, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth: upon my conscience I am surprised that we ever survived it. When one thinks of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! Good Lord, what a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up! Be gentle with them, ye schoolmasters, and only whop those who *won't* learn.

"The doctor has operated upon Hulker (between ourselves), but the boy was so little affected you would have thought he had taken chloroform. Birch is weary of whipping now, and leaves the boy to go his own gait."

Miss Birch, the sister, is a well-drawn character of the hateful and domineering class, which few boarding-schools are without:—

"The Gentlemen, and especially the younger and more tender of the Pupils, will have the advantage of the constant superintendence and affectionate care of Miss Zoe Birch, sister of the principal: whose dearest aim will be to supply (as far as may be) the absent maternal friend."—*Prospectus of Rodwell Regis School.*

"This is all very fine in the Doctor's circulars, and Miss Zoe Birch—(a sweet birch blossom it is, fifty-five years old, during two score of which she has dosed herself with pills; with a nose as red and a face as sour as a crab-apple)—may do mighty well in a prospectus. But I should like to know who would take Miss Zoe for a mother, or would have her for one? The only persons in the house who are not afraid of her are Miss Flora and I—no, I am afraid of her, though I do know the story about the French usher in 1830—but all the rest tremble before the woman, from the Doctor down to poor Francis the knife-boy, and whom she bullies into his miserable blacking-hole:

"The doctor is a pompous and outwardly severe man—but inwardly weak and easy: loving a joke and a glass of port wine. I get on with him, therefore, much better than Mr. Prince, who scorns him for an ass, and under whose keen eyes the worthy Doctor writhes like a convicted impostor; and many a sun-shiny afternoon would he have said, 'Mr. T. Sir, shall we try another glass of that yellow sealed wine which you seem to like?' (and which he likes even better than I do) had not the old harridan of a Zoe been down upon us, and insisted on turning me out with her miserable weak coffee. She a mother indeed! A sour milk generation she would have nursed. She is always croaking, scolding, bullying,—yowling at the housemaids, snarling at Miss Raby, bowwowing after the little boys, barking after the big ones. She knows how much every boy eats to an ounce; and her delight is to ply with fat the little ones who can't bear it, and with raw meat those who hate underdone. It was she who caused the Doctor to be eaten out three times; and nearly created a rebellion in the school because she insisted on his flogging Goliath Longman.

"The only time that woman is happy is when she comes in of a morning to the little boys' dormitories with a cup of hot Epsom salts, and a sipplet of brand. Boo!—the very notion makes me quiver. She stands over them. I saw her do it to young Byles only a few days since—and her presence makes the abomination doubly abominable.

"As for attending them in real illness, do you suppose that she would watch a single night for any one of them? Not she."

We will not go through the school with the champion, the pirate, the cunning money-maker, and all the other varieties; but in conclusion observe, that there is a neat and feeling poetical epilogue, of which the following is a sample portion;—

"Good night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen,
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beads at forty-five
As erst at twelve, in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven, that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away."

Surely there is choice enough now-a-days provided for our young holiday friends, among which Titmarsh's truthful shapes from the Boarding-school will not be the least welcome to schoolboys.

Blackie's Literary and Commercial Almanac, 1849. Blackie and Son, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London.

THE very respectable and long established publishers' names (whose Glasgow house is one of the foremost in Scotland) will disabuse any portion of the public who, from the brief title page, might fall into the mistake of a correspondent of ours, who fancied that *Blackie's Almanac* was a West Indian annual, and specially got up for the emancipated Niggers! On the contrary, it is one of the neatest little things, and besides the Almanackery intelligence, agreeably to its name of Literary and Commercial, very full within its small compass, has a string of anecdotes, of which the following are specimens:—

"*Dining with the Dardanelles.*—An American was boasting that in his travels he had been caressed everywhere, and that he had seen all the great in Europe. 'Have you seen the Dardanelles?' said one of the company. 'Yes,' replied he, 'I dined with them at Gibraltar, and found them to be excellent company.'

"*The Retort Courteous.*—Dr. Pitcairn, of Edinburgh, in order to affront a Dutch University where he had graduated, and degrees had been much prostituted, sent for a diploma for his valet, which being granted out of respect to him, he next sent for one for his horse, to which last request the rector magnificus replied, that with a view to oblige him they consulted other records for a precedent, but that they could not find one, although, under the name of Pitcairn, they had once granted the honorary degree to an ass.

"*Innocently Popping the Question.*—Charles, said a young lady to her lover, 'there is nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there, dear?' 'No, love, but I hope there will, one day, when we both shall be interested.' The lady blushed, and said, of course, 'For shame, Charles.'

"A cautious old farmer was about to select a day for advertising the roup of his grain. 'I wish,' said he to the auctioneer, 'that we may have a good breeze at the roup.' 'A good breeze!' said the auctioneer, 'what connexion has a breeze w' the roup?' 'Mair than ye imagine,' replied the other. 'When grain's waving w' a good breeze, it looks a heap thicker—they see the same heads twa-three times.'

"If you can't keep awake without, said a preacher to one of his hearers, 'when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?' 'I think,' was the shrewd reply, 'the snuff should be put into the sermon.'

Letts's Indispensable Almanac. Letts's Diaries.—Letts, Son and Steer.

WE have, from year to year, borne our testimony to the superior excellence of Letts's Diary, and said truly that we had found no publication of the kind to compare with it, for the needful information and general utility. This year, by dividing it into the two forms above indicated, however, a very sensible improvement has been made. The diary is as convenient and perfect as ever; and the almanac has been enriched with new features of great mercantile utility. An able digest of the trading particulars, from the 1st September 1847, to 1st September 1848, is a valuable document for reference to the past; and tables of every sort for the coming year make the work very complete.

Christmas Carols.

Among the pleasant remembrances of Christmas with which our table is now graced (and of which this and recent numbers of the *Literary Gazette* bear much proof, both original* and reflected) we may add, of graphic illustration, by the popular Alfred Crowquill. The music composed by T. Baker is very suitable to the season; the one tune being set to "Andantino," and the other to "Jolly Christmas Time." The first, with a fine portrait of Christmas, is an agreeable social lyric; but the last, with a snowy landscape at top, and the Yule log embodied most humorously at the bottom, will, we are sure, be the favourite in every family circle and merry party; for, as its bard singeth—

"It lights up the faces
We love to see look bright,
And shows the mistletoe quite plain,
Which else were out of sight;
It dazzles the old ones,
Who look another way,
For if the girls do get in debt,
They honourably pay.
'Twas yesterday lifeless,
No daller Log could be;
To-night it is the very best
Of all good company."

A number of other Christmas publications require our notice to fill up the cycle to this date. There is *A Happy Christmas*, by a clergyman of Norwich, (Nisbet and Co.,) and made up chiefly of religious pieces, in prose and verse, of more than fair average quality, and many of them by distinguished and popular writers. Its inculcation of charity is most laudable. *The Shakspeare Almanac* (Bogue) illustrates nearly every day of the coming year with a quotation from the poet; and is a novel and curious thought, and shows the wonderful fertility and applicability of the man who was indeed "for all time." *The Game of the Oracles* (Washbourne) consists of an almost endless selection from the British poets, and so arranged that a round party may play with and seek responses from them, as the *sortes* of the page may turn up. G. P. R. James' *Fight of the Fiddlers*, illustrated by Browne, (Bogue,) is another nice little seasonable re-issue. *Tracts for the Christian Seasons*, part 1, (Parker,) earnestly treat of the Advent, and agree with the doctrines of the Church of England. Of a different and merry kind are *Lays and Rhymes for the Times* (Bell); amusing and laughable, as well as serious compositions, ridiculing chartism, and appealing to good sense and patriotism against revolutionary principles; and, lastly, we have *Punch's Almanac*, capably illustrated by the pencils of J. Leech and R. Doyle, and with entertaining text; and *The Showman's Almanac*, which with its humour "pitches" into Punch, and lashes other sorts of humbug and quackery.

SIR GARDNER WILKINSON'S NEW WORK.

Dalmatia and Montenegro; with a Journey to Mostar in Herzegovina, &c. &c. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray.

IN our last and present *Gazettes*, we have been introducing our readers to an acquaintance with the Island

* See papers under the head of "Sketches of Society."

of Sardinia, as a country, though so near, comparatively little known; and we have to invite them to accompany us, under the able and intelligent guidance of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, to visit another and not far distant portion of the earth, where considerable novelty will also attend our footsteps. Fortis, Farlati Catalinich, Pettor, Carrara, and other writers on Dalmatia, are sealed books to the English public, and therefore what our author has drawn from them is as original to us as his own observations. We shall not, however, meddle with the history of Dalmatia, nor the Roman and ancient Christian remains with which it abounds, nor with the annals of Ragusa, nor even with the grand Pan-Slavonic views of our own time, though they may exercise important functions in the reconstruction or remodelling of European nations. Passing, therefore, the origin of the Slavi,* and other migrations from the East or Central Asia, we will at once take up the immediate thread of our experienced countryman's travel, aware, from the character of all his preceding works, that we could not have a pleasanter or more instructive companion to lead us on our way. We may first notice, generally, that—

"The population of all the *Circoli* of Dalmatia, in 1893, consisted of

Slavonians	340,000
Italians, mostly from Venice	16,000
Albanians (of the Borgo Erizzo)	883
Jews (chiefly from Spain) at Spalato and Ragusa	510
	357,393.

and in 1844, amounted to 408,421, of whom

323,371 were Roman Catholics.
664 United Greeks.
77,690 Greeks.
483 Jews.
37 Protestants.
1,386 Members of religious houses.
408,421

showing an increase, which Carrara states to be of 62,139 in 16 years, from 1828 to 1844.

"The various posts in Dalmatia are not looked upon as very eligible; and few are either lucrative or desirable, except, perhaps, that of governor. Even this is far less agreeable than many others, held by men of the same rank; and the total isolation in which he lives, the want of society for his family, and the distance from Vienna, are great objections. Many of the other government officers, not natives of Dalmatia, look upon an employment there as banishment; and are only satisfied with it, from the idea that it may lead to something better; and a very general remark is, that 'Dalmatia is the Siberia of Austria.' For the Italian regiments, it is, perhaps, a welcome post, from the similarity of manners and language in the large towns; and the Austrians, finding that the isolated position of the country, and the quiet demeanour of the inhabitants, relieve them from the fear of political intrigues, do not scruple to employ those troops in Dalmatia.

"The Dalmatians are, indeed, very quiet under the 'paternal government'; its policy throws no positive obstacles in the way of improvement, as did that of the Venetians; and the fault is rather that it fails sufficiently to encourage, than that it directly opposes, beneficial measures.

"But the effect of the general feeling, or the wishes of the *employés*, that their stay may be temporary, cannot be otherwise than injurious to the country; and the natural consequence is, that few care to suggest any improvements; and the little interest felt at Vienna, respecting Dalmatia, is no inducement to any one to propose them."

Coming more to particulars—

"Sebenico (with 2767 inhabitants) is noted for two varieties of wine, one the *Vino Tartaro*, which is thought to resemble Madeira, white and strong; the other called, like the liqueur, *Maraschino*, which has a flavour of Malaga. Besides that liqueur, two others are made in Dalmatia; one from the *Susina*, a sort of damson, the other from the *Loto* fruit.

"Dalmatia produces many wines, which are strong

* The Dukes of Mecklenburg, we are informed, are the only real Slavonic dynasties now existing.

and full bodied; but most of them have the fault of being sweet, owing to the grapes remaining too long upon the vines, before they are gathered for pressing. It is from this that they have received the name of *Prosecco*. Neglect, too, in choosing the fruit, is another fault of the Dalmatians, in their process of making wine; and there is no doubt that, if the grapes were properly selected, and pressed when less ripe, the wine would be much better, and might take its proper station among those of Europe.

"The *Fugava*, a white wine of the isle of Brazza, is sweet, and bears some resemblance to Frontignac; but the white *Malvasia*, which is also much esteemed, is dry, with an aromatic flavour, and not sweet. The *Vin di Rosa*, or Rose wine of Almissa, has a very delicious flavour, and is called *Prosecco* and *Muscolo*. There are also the *Vino di Spiaggia*, from Lesina, of a sweet flavour, and considered one of the best common wines of the country; the *Marzemino*, from Teodò, in the neighbourhood of Cattaro, and many others of less note. Dalmatia possesses no effervescing wine like the *Rifosco*, made in the neighbourhood of Trieste, which deserves to be more known. It is very delicate, and seldom found good, even at Trieste. There are two kinds, red and white; the former, which resembles a Mousseux claret, is the best."

The remains of Diocletian's palace at Spalato, whither he retired to live in peace and die, after relinquishing the imperial purple,* and the ruins of Salona, furnish matter for very interesting descriptions and remarks, and Sir Gardner says—

"It is true that the Austrians have long been indifferent to the valuable mine of antiquities, left unexplored at Salona; but the reproach they have so long merited is in a fair way of removal, and the collection of Spalato may at length be rendered worthy of the name of a government museum; and, though the annual allowance for excavation is limited to 800 florins (80*l.*), there is every reason to hope that, under the management of its present director, the Abbate Professor Carrara, this desirable result will soon be attained.

"Spalato, which is distinguished for many learned men, eminent in science and literature, may be proud of the Abbate Francesco Carrara, who adds to profound erudition, the most amiable qualities, and is equally an ornament to his profession and to society.

"The black granite sphinx in the court, near the vestibule, is of Egyptian workmanship, and, from its style, is evidently of early Pharaonic time, probably of the eighteenth dynasty. [Perhaps of Amunoph III.] This is also shown by the figures and names of the captives sculptured round its base. There is a royal oval on a sort of vase, or altar, it holds between its hands, but too much defaced to be deciphered. Instead of paws, it has human hands; instances of which occur, in Egyptian monuments of very early time, though this has been supposed to argue against its being either ancient or Egyptian, and the row of captives has been mistaken for a rude ornament of some ignorant sculptor. There is, however, no doubt of its genuineness; and it was brought from Egypt, perhaps for the express purpose of ornamenting the palace of Diocletian.

"A portion of another sphinx may be seen at the house of Count Cindro, in the street leading from the Porta Ferrea. It is of a hard white limestone, nearly resembling marble. It bears the name of Amunoph III. on the breast."

And though not entering fully into the many

* "After a reign of twenty years, 'Diocletian executed his memorable resolution of abdicating the empire,' and acquired the glory of giving to the world the most remarkable, if not the first (the first being Ptolemy Lagus) example of a resignation, which has not been very frequently imitated by succeeding monarchs. Withdrawing to Salona, he passed the last nine years of his life in seclusion, where the building of a palace in the neighbourhood, and the superintendence of his garden, occupied his leisure hours; and the satisfaction he derived from those pursuits is sufficiently proved by his well-known answer to Maximian, when urging him to re-assume the purple, 'If I could show you the cabbage I have planted with my own hands at Salona, you would no longer urge me to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power.'"

notices of antiquities and copies of inscriptions scattered through these volumes, we cannot avoid the following additional quotation:—

"In the walls of private houses are some inscriptions; and in one I observed an altar to the 'DIS SYRIS,' dedicated by one of the same Albucii, mentioned on the sarcophagus. There are also a dedication to Jupiter, and another to M. Aurelius Antoninus. On the staircase of another house is a bas relief, representing a battle of Centaurs and Lapithæ, with other fragments; and the late director of the museum possesses various antiques, among which is the statue of a Roman emperor, of good style. The feet are lost as well as the head; but the statue is remarkable for this peculiarity, that the head has been movable, fitting into a hollow made purposely to receive it: showing that it changed, with the change of Cæsars; the body suiting equally well each succeeding emperor. This ingenious idea might be conveniently adopted at the present day, and is worthy the attention of public institutions, sculptors, and dealers in portraits."

Upon which our author remarks, in a tone which we think does great injustice to the art of portrait painting:—

"In countries where the talent of artists is sacrificed to portraits, it would be highly beneficial to lay a very heavy tax on all those objects of vanity, and impediments to art."

But *de gustibus non est disputandum*, and we can only offer our opinion that very high, as well as very middling and very low art, may be displayed in portraiture; we cannot but remember such names as Holbein, Velasquez, Vandyck, and Reynolds.

Having spent some time on the coast, Sir Gardner took a journey into the interior. He found the people obliging and hospitable, though rudely lodged and unacquainted with the comforts of civilized life. Their mountainous country, difficult roads, and picturesque costumes, however, compensated for the toils and inconveniences to which he was subjected, whilst sometimes roughing it at miserable hostel-huts, and at other times abiding in convents where the monks, who fight well, "live well." A few selected notes follow:—

"Montenegro contains few towns. It may indeed be doubted whether any deserve that name, for a town there would be a village in any other country, and the largest does not contain a population of 1200 souls. None of them are walled, and few can be said to have any streets; the houses are frequently detached, and in some so scattered, and distant from each other, that they appear rather to be farm-houses, or cottages, than the component parts of one village. Those, however, which stand close together, have only a common wall between them, as in towns in other countries; and they are generally better built, than when detached in the scattered villages; where, in some of the most mountainous and secluded parts of the country, they are of the rudest construction.

"The total number of towns and villages in the country is between two and three hundred. They are principally situated in hollows, and on the slopes of mountains, but none on the points of hills difficult of access, as in the neighbouring provinces of Turkey; plainly indicating the fearless independence of the Montenegrin, who feels secure in the natural strength of his country, and requires no measures of defence beyond his own courage. This is most remarkable in the province of Bielopavlich, where the distance from Albania to Herzégovina is not more than twelve miles, and where nearly the whole space is occupied by the Valley of the Zetta. And no one can visit that part of the country, without the strongest admiration for the valour of this people; who are, at least, deserving of respect for the preservation of their independence, in defiance of all the efforts of the Turks."

Sir Gardner thinks that they ought to have a post for trading, which, though close to the sea, they have not at present, and observes—

"The promotion of civilization there may, some day, be of importance, and be attended by very desirable results; far more than could be hoped for from an intercourse with the adjoining province of Albania,

which has not the same prospect of coming in contact with other nations, as the Slavonic race. It would indeed be difficult to civilize, or improve, the Albanians; whose savage habits are so little suited for the encouragement of industry, and who frequently outrage the common feelings of humanity; and few hopes can, as yet, be entertained of a country, where excesses are committed, similar to those that happened four years ago; when some Moslems, having attacked a Christian village, were not satisfied with the murder of the men, but actually obliged the women to roast their own children at the fires, kindled from their burning houses.

"The numerous sheep and goats reared by the Montenegrins afford them a very profitable supply of wool, and cheese, for exportation; their smoke-dried mutton (called *Castradina*) pays an annual duty at Cattaro, of from 2000 to 2600 florins; and the mutton hams of Montenegro are highly esteemed, and are sold for exportation to Istria, Venice, and Ancona."

The Montenegrins are governed by a Vladika, and their present ruler appears to be a first-rate fellow, for, "besides his talents as a governor, the Vladika has the merit of being a distinguished Servian, or Slavonian, poet; and he unites all the qualities of a good soldier, and an able diplomatist. He is also a member of several learned societies of Europe; and having been educated partly at Castel Nuovo in Dalmatia, and partly in Russia, and having visited the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, he has enjoyed the advantages of European society; and his mode of living sufficiently shows that he appreciates the comforts and elegancies of refinement. He was born in 1815, at Erakovich, one of the villages in the commune of Négosh, from which he derives the affix to his name Petrovich-Négosh; he is styled "Monsignore" and "Eminenza;" and in the address "Illustre e Reverendissimo Monsignor Pietro Petrovich-Négosh, Vladika di Montenegro e Berda," he bears a title taken from the eastern division of the country. He is also styled, in official documents, Metropolitan of Skenderia, or Scutari.

"With a people like the Montenegrins, the merit of excelling in military exercises is a great recommendation in their chief; and though, in these days, it may appear a singular accomplishment for a bishop, to hit with a rifle a lemon, thrown into the air by one of his attendants, this feat of the Vladika adds to the confidence he enjoys amongst his troops. His appearance, too, is not a little in his favour; and his majestic height, of about six feet eight inches, may well command the respect of a primitive and warlike race. He is also handsome, and well proportioned to his height. He has a small beard, and his long dark hair flows over the back of his neck, his head being covered with a red Fez cap. His eyebrow is arched; and the expression of his countenance is mild and amiable.

"His general costume is military, like that of the country, though richer, and covered with a scarlet pelisse, bordered with fur. He wears the full short blue trousers of the Montenegrins, with white stockings and black shoes; and two rather singular additions to his dress are a black silk cravat, and black kid gloves.

"His pontifical robes are very different; but these he seldom wears. They consist of a long robe open in front, over another of the same length, girded by a sash round the waist; and his head is covered with the black round upright cap, usually worn by Greek priests; from which a black veil falls over his shoulders.

"His manners are particularly prepossessing, and his conversation is sensible, and agreeable. His observations on history and politics, and on the many subjects he delights in discussing, show great discernment, and an excellent memory; and his enthusiasm for his country cannot fail to command admiration and esteem. Kind, hospitable, and courteous, he takes a pleasure in the visits of foreigners, and is particularly desirous that the English should feel an interest in the welfare of his country."

The Montenegrins, however, have much reliance on

Russia, which has always helped and protected them; whilst since the peace of 1815, they have, from the smallest capital in Europe, never ceased to wage a predatory war against the Turks, and the irruptions on both sides have been attended with shocking barbarities. Their forays have induced a mortal mutual hatred.

So near the Turkish frontier, Sir Gardner could not resist the temptation of a visit to the Vizir of Herzégovina, at Mostar, and his account of it affords us a different view of the Moslem population:—

Herzégovina "is a long narrow region, scarcely fifty miles in the broadest part, and containing about 7000 square miles, is divided into thirteen prefectures, or departments, and has about 200,000 inhabitants. The principal towns, after Mostar, are Stolatz, Trebigne, (the ancient Tribulium, and a place well known in the early Christian history of the country,) Gliubuski, Niksieh, Pogitel, Gliubigne, Clobuk, Keupris, and others; and about thirty miles above Mostar is the site of the ancient city of Delminium, a short distance from the Narenta."

"Fortis says that the banks of the Narenta were famous, in former times, 'among the professors of pharmacy, to whom Nicander prescribes to gather the Iris there for the theriaca; and Theophrastus, cited by Athenæus, gives the preference, over all other countries that produce that plant, to the Illyric mountains at a distance from the sea.' He also supposes that the *sherbet* made by the Turks 'at Mostar, and other places of Bosnia,' by infusing honey-combs in water, is the same kind of hydromel, used of old by the Illyrians, called Taulanti, who inhabited this country,—a description of which he gives, from a work attributed by some to Aristotle.

"The continuance of the custom in the country is remarkable; but it may, at the same time, be observed, that the use of *mead* is prevalent among all the Slavonians; and the Slavonic origin of this name is shown by *med*, or *méud*, signifying 'honey.' Pliny gives the same account of the Iris, of which he says the best quality is from Illyricum, in the inland wooded parts about the Naro and Drilo, where two kinds are produced. From the root was made a sweet ointment, and a medicinal extract; and the former was similar to the *regale unguentum*—a compound spikenard used by the kings of Parthia.

"The highest mountains of Herzégovina are the Velleg, Domitor, and Vlasiéh; the first of which is said to surpass any in Bosnia, and has some snow on the north side all the year. It is part of the ancient range of Mount Scardus, which, running thence to the north-east of the modern Montenegro and Albania, joins Mount Hæmus."

From the year 1483, "Herzégovina has remained in the hands of the Osmanlis; but the districts and towns on the coast were afterwards taken from it by the Venetians; and it is now an inland province."

(To be continued.)

INSECTS.

Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

NATURAL history is so universally a pleasing study and occupation of the mind, that almost in any shape it is welcome to every class of readers and condition in society. For it is a science open to all. The philosopher may explore its mysteries, the wealthy may fill their splendid cabinets with specimens; but, at the same time, the child can watch every form of life around him, and the poorest indweller on the land find opportunities to observe the wonderful instincts and curious habits of his fellow worms, or grubs, or ants, or bees, or —, but we will not swell the catalogue. If such be the common attractions, say, for example, of the widely spread and obvious branch of entomology, what shall we say to this exhibition of it? The volume is beautifully got up, printed in almost a matchless style, and its plan is most laudable. There is no repulsive dryness, but it is altogether and thoroughly lively and (to coin a new critical term of eulogy) insectivorous. The illustrations are,

nevertheless, truly scientific,* and it is only in the text that we seem to play with the lessons which are so cleverly taught.

"The cricket is the thirstiest of all thirsty creatures. He is not therefore

"The blither for the drouth,"

for where no ampler supply of liquid is at hand, he is said (heed it, ye careful house-wives!) to gnaw holes in wet woollen stockings or flannel, hung by the fire to dry. Therein, also, (though in more harmless fashion,) we would make him our representative, as, thirsting after knowledge of our subject, we strive to extract from it, even when seemingly most arid, a something of refreshing moisture."

The author pretends to take this creature for his literary model, and he keeps up the character in a very captivating manner.

"Dear Entomology!" he exclaims. "We have called thee our hobby, we have likened thee to a hack; but thou art more. Thou art a powerful Genie, a light-winged Fairy, not merely bearing us through earth, and sky, and water, but peopling every scene in every element with new and living forms, before invisible. For us, Nature has now no desert places: touched by thy magic wand, every tree has become a peopled city, teeming with busy multitudes; every flower a pavilion, hung with gorgeous tapestry, for the summer occupation of Insect nobles, clad in velvet, gauze, or coat of mail; nay, the very moss that grows upon the tree or clothes the stone, has become to us a forest, where, as in forests of larger growth, roam the fierce and the gentle, preying or preyed on by each other; and the stone, we have only to upturn it, and we are certain almost to discover beneath, some hidden lurker, or some wondrous subterranean structure, perhaps a solitary dwelling, perhaps a nursery, perhaps a general home of refuge. Yes, our darling pursuit, of all most lightsome and life-giving, with thee for our companion, the bare, the barren, the desolate, and the death-like become instinct with life. The arid heath, the decaying tree, the mouldering wall are converted at once into fertile fields of interest and inquiry, while the summer skies and glittering waters grow brighter yet with glancing wings and our-like feet; and with the knowledge that both are plied by a multitude of happy creatures."

"Among the numerous '*projets*' of Réaumur, suggested by his favourite pursuit, was one for the establishment of a sort of public menagerie for Insects, and perhaps, in the present speculative era, a worse scheme might be hit on than the opening of an Entomologic Garden. Who knows but that, by help of such adjuncts as flowery walks and Fées à l'Éclair, ladies might be tempted to face Ant-lions 'at home' in their sandy pit-falls, as well as Man-lions, 'not at home,' in their iron cages, and condescend even to take a general survey of the figures and fashions, the costumes and customs of other Insect tribes, when so collected in a convenient focus as to require only the trouble of looking at, instead of looking for. Might we not insure a modicum of royal and noble patronage by the introduction of some such foreigners as a company of Walking Leaves, or a group of Spectral Branches from China, providing a grand morning concert of screaming Cicadas from Greece or Italy, and an evening illumination of Chinese Lantern Carriers and American Fire-Flies."

"But, to leave trifling, let us now recur to that perpetual charm of the Insect world which consists in its intimate connection with the vegetable kingdom. Viewed according to their mutual relations of use and adaptation, the flower and the leaf seem almost instinct as well as associate with animate existence, while their Insect frequenters appear, in return, to have borrowed a share of floral elegance and sweetness."

This theme is pursued through many forms of insect life, as butterflies, gnats, ants, aphides, spiders, moths, wasps, bees, and other genera, and all treated in the same instructive and agreeable way. Example: "The Fly's purpose in nature," says a modern author, 'is to consume various substances which are given out by the human body, by articles of food, and

*Some of the tail-pieces, &c., are faithful and ludicrous.

almost every animal and vegetable production when in a state of change, and given out in such small quantities that they are not perceptible to common observers, neither removable by the ordinary means of cleanliness even in the best-kept apartment. Under this view of extensive uses, for which its structure and habits are alike admirably adapted (as well as for each other), both are well worthy of general observation, and in no wise beneath the scrutiny of scientific, and what is more, of sensible people. The mechanism even of a Fly's foot thus regarded, we shall never be disposed to look back upon a Sir Joseph Banks, a Sir Everard Home, or a pious Derham, when busied in its examination, as upon 'children of a larger growth' curiously pulling toys to pieces; and then, remembering by whom that mechanism was constructed, we shall not be surprised on finding that observers, even such as these, seem, after all, to have been at fault as to its true principle. On the credit of their great authority, books without number have explained, and still continue to tell us how the Fly walks against gravity with equal ease upon a surface rough or smooth, upon our windows as upon our walls, upon the ceiling as upon the floor, with back downwards and with back upwards; and yet, as it would appear, they have all told us wrong. They have said, and asserted as *proved beyond a doubt*, that the sole secret of a Fly's marvellous walk and hold, is a vacuum, the vacuum produced by certain organs called suckers attached to the end of the foot, which either adheres by atmospheric pressure or is left free to rise, as these suckers are alternately expanded or contracted. Yet would it seem that in this plausible doctrine of vacuity there may be a congenial *nothing* after all; its supposed facts of foundation seeming to vanish before the asserted power of our little pedestrian to traverse the sides and stick fast to the dome of an exhausted receiver. If, then, it be not by a vacuum, by what something is it that she does retain her hold? Mr. Blackwall, who tried the experiment of the receiver, found also that a Fly, enfeebled by cold or other causes, would climb with difficulty the sides of a glass, ascended before with perfect ease. Further, he observed that Flies unable to stand, back downwards, on highly polished bodies, were able to do so on those slightly soiled; and from these and other observations, considers that the apparatus whereby they effect their hold is quite mechanical, and closely analogous to the pulvilli or fine hair brushes of other Insects used as holders or supporters. This modern notion nearly agrees with that set forth almost 200 years ago by a Dr. Power, who says that 'the Fly is provided with six legs, and walks on four. The two foremost she uses as hands wherewith to wipe her mouth and nose, and take up what she eats, her other four feet are cloven and armed with little claws, by which she fastens on rugosities and asperities of all bodies, like a Cat-a-mountain. She is also furnished with a kind of fuzzy substance like little sponges' (these are our suckers) 'with which nature hath lined the soles of her feet, which substance is also repleated with a white viscous liquid squeezed out at pleasure to glow herself to the surface.' This aid of glutinous secretion, except in a very slight degree, is now denied to the performances of our wonderful climber; *au reste*, the notion of our old Philosopher knocked down by the 'vacuum,' as if by an air gun, seems now set up again. But are we assured, seeing how long mistaken notions will maintain their footing, that, even now, we are perfectly correct about the footing of the Fly?

"A Fly on the wing is a no less curious object than one on foot, yet when do we trouble our heads about it, except as a thing which troubles us? The most obvious wonder of its flight is its variety of direction, most usually forwards, with the back upwards, like a bird, but on occasion, backwards, with the back downwards, as when starting from the window and alighting on the ceiling. Marvellous velocity is another of its characteristics. By fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a race-horse clearing his mile a minute to the speed of the Fly cutting through her third of the same distance in the same time? And what the speed of our steaming

giants, the grand puffers of the age, compared with the swiftness of our tiny buzzers, of whom a monster train, scenting their game afar, may even follow partridges and pheasants on the wings of steam in their last flight as friendly offerings? But, however, with their game, the Flies themselves would be most 'in keeping' on an atmospheric line, a principal agent in their flight, as well as in that of other Insects, being the air. This enters from the breathing organs of their bodies into the nerves and muscles of their wings; from which arrangement, their velocity depends, not alone on muscular power, but also on the state of the atmosphere.

"How does a Fly buzz? is another question more easily asked than answered.—'With its wings to be sure,' hastily replies one of our readers; 'with its wings as they vibrate upon the air,' responds another with a smile, half of contempt, half of complacency at his more than common measure of Natural Philosophy. But how then, let us ask, can the Great Dragon-Fly, and other similar broad-pinioned, rapid-flying Insects, cut through the air with silent swiftness, while others go on buzzing when not upon the wing at all? Rennie, who has already put this posing query, himself ascribes the sound partly to air, but to air as it plays 'on the edges of the wings at their origin, as with an Eolian harp-string; or to the friction of some internal organ on the roots of the wing's nervures.

"Lastly, how does the Fly feed?—the 'busy, curious, thirsty Fly' that 'drinks with me,' but does not 'drink as I,' his sole instrument for eating and drinking being his trunk or sucker, the narrow pipe, by means of which, when let down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer of syrup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry, but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find on close inspection growing 'small by degrees' under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the Fly dissolves his rock, Hannibal fashion, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe which returns the sugar melted into syrup."

The description of the aquatic gnat is, perhaps, still more curious and less known, but we can only refer to it, and copy the conclusion:—

"Fed for a season upon air, the insect's desires seem to have grown ærian. While a noon-day sun is warm upon the water (as yet his native element), he rises to the surface and above it, elevating both head and shoulders, as if gasping for the new enjoyments which await him. His breast swells (as it were) with the sweet anticipation, his confining corset bursts, and the head, not that which has played its part on the stage of being now about to close, but another, all plumed and decorated for a more brilliant theatre, emerges through the rent, followed by the shoulders and the filmy wings which are to play upon the air."

—But have a care, my little débutant! thou art yet upon the water; an unlucky somerset would wet thy still soft and drooping pinions, and render them unfit for flight.—Now is thy critical moment—hold thee steady—lose not thy perpendicular, or—But why fear we for the little mariner? He who clothes the lily and feeds the sparrow, has provided him support in this, his point of peril. The stiff covering of his recent form, from which he is struggling to escape, now serves him as a life-boat—the second to which he will owe his safety. His upright body forms its mast as well as sail, and in the breeze now rippling the water, he is wafted rapidly along. He will assuredly be capsize from press of sail. But see, he has acquired by this time other helps to aid his self-preserving efforts. His slender legs (hitherto hung pendant) now feel for and find the surface of the pool. His boat is left behind and, still endowed with one aquatic power, he stands a moment on the water, then rises, buoyant, a winged inhabitant of air!

"So now we have brought our bold sailor into port, and retransformed him into a bolder aéronaut.

His performances in the latter character, as a dancer, we have extolled already; but others of a graver nature for which he has the discredit, still remain for notice. Yet think not, gentle ladies, that our plumed Gnat gallant (albeit so ungallant to his own fair one) ever settles on a sunny cheek, or ever enters at door or window with blood-thirsty intent. Spare him, therefore, if not 'pour l'amour de ses beaux plumes,' at least for the sake of the innocence they denote. Let him finish his reel or his hornpipe unmolested, and reserve your vengeance for his shrewish partner, on whose plumeless head it will more justly fall. Have we not already hinted that though she seldom dances, and never wears feathers, she has practices something worse, and she it is, who while her spouse regales himself on nectar quaffed from flowers, or perhaps even is satisfied with a chameleon banquet—she it is, who longs for the 'red wine,' each drop of which she repays with poison. *Hers* are the 'barbed shaft,' the 'whirring wings,' the 'dragon scales' against which you must invoke the protection of your 'guardian sylph' or your pocket-handkerchief. But even in their fiercest shape, or in that most formidable, a mingled swarm, in which the gully and the guiltless in their company, must (as in other cases) alike bear the buffet, we are seldom ourselves inclined to visit Gnat offenders very roughly. Even at the risk of being taken for cousins once removed of the old lady, whose partiality for Flies stands recorded, we must confess to a sneaking kindness for Gnats, be they plumed or plumeless, honey-sippers or blood-suckers."

There are nearly thirty species of the culx or gnat family in England, but to acquire a knowledge all about them and the other insects we have enumerated, we must recommend this handsome volume, alike an ornament to the drawing-room table and a companion in the garden and field.

ALL ABROAD.

Scenes and Thoughts in Foreign Lands. By Charles Terry. Pickering.

AN observant traveller who has been everywhere, and elsewhere, must have a deal to tell; and Mr. Terry has, and tells it well. A more miscellaneous volume cannot be imagined. Spain, Malta, Egypt, the Red Sea, Ceylon, India, North Africa, France, Italy, Syria, Sicily, Turkey, Russia, Germany, Greece, Switzerland,—but why should we enumerate since "All the world's a stage;" and assuredly our author hath traversed the scene to an extent and for a length of time, to which we cannot remember a parallel. He is, besides, a man of talent, and you cannot dip into his page without finding something to inform or interest you. His travels remind us on a grand scale of Hood's view "all over Kent and back;" only Mr. Terry's is all over the Earth and back; so desultory and yet so entertaining, that we care not where he stops with us. He has, in fact, inoculated us with a personal regard for him; and though quite unknown to us, we read the following near the end of his book with more than common feeling:—

"*Last Note in my Journal.*—In the hope that I may have no future opportunity of noting any new scenes abroad, I gladly pen what I believe to be their conclusion.

"With many of us memory is so treacherous a repository to cull from, that I have no doubt much that I have seen and noted would have been otherwise forgotten, and much exaggerated or misrepresented; besides, an amusement would have been lost, which has had its charm in the writing, and may give moments of pleasure on future perusal even to myself.

"Any reader of these Notes will find here a great medley. Joy and sorrow, things gay and serious, beautiful and frightful, sometimes strangely to succeed each other, yet they are not the less true; for it has been my endeavour to avoid even the appearance of exaggeration. I know so well the reception 'Traveller's tales' meet with, (often too justly disbelieved,) that frequently in narrating strange scenes

I have felt the necessity of reducing them to the level of a listener's powers of belief.

"This last Note has nothing in it but an echo of the past. It is six years since I left England for the East, and in their course heavy anxieties have hung about me. Some of the fevers of India have at times prostrated me; and dangers which necessarily attend travelling have beset me; yet I have still the blessing of good health, and for this I feel a thrilling thankfulness.

"I have sometimes been afraid of being seized with a travelling mania; but I can truly say that I am in no wise affected with it; for the more I have seen of other lands and nations, the more have I become an affectionate admirer of my own.

"Unquestionably I have had great sights, and sources of varied instruction and enjoyment laid open to me in the countries I have happened to visit. I have looked upon Nature in many varied forms. Her Alps, Apennines, Atlas, Carpathian, Etna, and Vesuvius; I have passed over the plains of Russia's Steppe, the Desert of Egypt, through the Valleys of Styria and the Tyrol, and over the bright waters of a Lake in Switzerland. I have become familiar, more or less, with many of the famous rivers of the Old World; the Rhone, the Arno, the Tiber, the Nile, the Dniester, the Danube, the Vistula, the Rhine, the Hooghly, &c. I have sailed on the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, Mediterranean, Black, and Red Seas; now in the noble and rapid steamer, now in the frail canoe and Masoulah boat.

"I have felt the cold of Russia's winter, and the heat of India's summer; witnessed the snow-storm of the North, and the simoom of the Desert; sailed on calm, unruffled waters, and become the sport of mighty winds and waves. I have been deafened by the thunders of the storm, and charmed by the delight and peacefulness of quiet; sometimes treading the earth's wildest, least cultivated, and almost untrodden districts; sometimes those most improved by the thriving hand of civilization; meditating at one time amidst volcanic devastation; anon amongst smiling orange groves and vineyards; here traversing barren wastes, and there enraptured with blooming luxuriance.

"I have been amongst nations of great variety, and observed their religions, from Paganism and Islamism to Christianity; many of their rites and ceremonies; their priests, temples, mosques, cathedrals, churches, monasteries, groves, high-places, and cemeteries. I have seen great cities, Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Athens, Cairo, Calcutta, Smyrna, Vienna, Cracow, Munich, &c., and those nearer home.

"I have gazed upon the Pope, the Sultan, the Pacha of Egypt, the Ferdinands of Austria and Naples, and other potentates, down to the wild Indian hill-chief, who had scarcely ever beheld an European before.

"I have been sledged on the snowy Steppe; borne along in India's palanquin; carried in Sicily's lettiga; and have crossed the Desert, perched on the hump of the camel.

"I have seen the haunts of the wolf and tiger; have had the fierce looks of the former upon me, and heard the rough notes of the latter at my side. I have watched the soaring eagle, and the loathsome vulture; have killed the venomous snake, and bulletted the hideous alligator.

"All these, I am aware, are but a few of the vast variety of scenes that the globe affords to a leisure traveller. For me, they are enough. England is in sight; and I gladly say—Farewell to other lands; let me rejoice in the charms of my own, where exist the highest attractions that the world offers. I shall be glad to hide myself for ever beyond yonder white cliffs."

Of such a work we can furnish but a faint idea. Our specimens can only be distracted, not extracted, from the mass.

"At Calcutta," says our author, "I dined with some new-made friends 'this evening (Sunday). I was asked what I thought of the ladies I had seen at church in the morning? I said, 'I thought them elegant,' and so they were; but that I could observe

a striking change from those I had left at home, for that the rosy freshness of our northern clime was here a drooping lily.' I particularly remarked that one lady sitting near me, though elegant, 'seemed come to say her last prayers.' There was a smile from my host's lady, next whom I sat. It was the lady herself of whom I was unconsciously speaking!

"A Brahmin's Death.—Yesterday morning, one of the sons of an intimate Indian friend came into my room, in a flood of tears, to tell me that his father had been seized with paralysis, and that he was being taken to the riverside, according to the Hindoo custom.

"I hastily dressed, and accompanied him in his carriage, and we soon overtook the whole party. It was a mournful sight. The old man, still alive, was borne by several attendants on a kind of low bedstead, and all the numerous male relatives and servants followed on foot and in vehicles.

"They halted on the banks of the Hooghly, previous to taking him to a small house on the opposite side, the usual resort for the wealthy in their last moments.

"Some of the family wished me to see him, and I shall never forget the scene. They formed a circle round him. I stooped down to catch his eye; the sun was rising, a northerly wind was blowing, it was a fresh morning—all around was life, yet in the midst was death near at hand. I still held his hand, until at length he saw me, knew me, and spoke to me for the last time.

"They took him across the river, and as soon as I returned to my house, I wrote a note to my friend their European doctor, to ask if any thing could be done for the Baboo. The following is a copy of his reply:

"My dear Terry,—You may depend on it the Brahmins will not part with the old man's body, whatever becomes of his soul. I went to his house this morning about seven o'clock, and was told that he had been taken to the Ghant on the other side, being the holy place, and there would not be a chance of doing him any good, unless I were to sit down all day by him, and with my own hand give him his medicine and food; for all that his relations dare give him is Gunga gal and mud (Ganges water). I had some hopes of him last night, had they persevered; but the only request the poor old man made to me, when he recovered sense enough to recognise me and to speak, was, 'Don't let me die at home, let me go to the river.' So you see there is no use in such cases in forcing medical advice on them, and I am persuaded they neither want nor will allow it.

"In the afternoon, I went over and met the doctor there. The sick man still lived. He wished to give him a little medicine, but there was not a glass to be had within half a mile!

"This morning I went over to pay a last visit to the poor old Baboo. The Brahmins had taken him to the water's edge, and there he lay, on a little mattress on the soft mud, panting, with nothing but a little thin muslin over his body, and his head bare. The rays of the sun fell on him hot enough to have injured a strong healthy person. Three Brahmins continued to vociferate the names of goddesses in his ears, and to give him Ganges water. This mixture of superstition and cruelty disconcerted me; but, as the closing scene approached, the family begged me to retire, which I did. A few minutes afterwards, amidst one loud cry to the goddesses, the Baboo died.

"It is impossible to convey to another the whole scene as it occurred. To a Christian, it was a very painful sight; and my intimacy with the party made it the more so to me.

"In a few hours the Baboo's body was burnt, and nothing remained but to entertain a great number of Brahmins, and incur the usual heavy expenses attendant on the death of a Brahmin of high caste and acknowledged position.

"A Greek on board a Steamer.—He has given us graphic descriptions of the late February revolution in Paris. This he was well enabled to do, having entered the Tuilleries with the canaille, and possessed himself of a piece of one of the royal robes which they

had torn into shreds, and also of a fragment of the throne they had shattered.

"These are trophies he valued, but I am glad to say there are none amongst us who envy him the possession of such precious relics.

"This gentleman has completed his professional studies in Paris, and is become decidedly Frenchified. I think I can almost tell whether a man has had the equivocal advantages of Parisian schooling. One peculiarity I remark, which is, that a young man is generally turned out apparently middle-aged."

It is a hazardous thing to speculate in these days. Only hear our intelligent author in the month of August, and the year 1846, two years ago:—

"The Pope.—If a good name may be rejoiced in by its possessor, few rulers have so great reason for joy as Pius the Ninth at this moment.

"Anecdotes are told on all sides of his exalted Christian feeling. Mercy and peace appear at last to have found a willing advocate in him. I doubt if I should have gone across the road to see the late Gregory, but I am most anxious to see his worthy successor.

"It is reported that his Holiness is not liked by the Cardinals generally; the wholesome example of economy he has given them is construed in portending an innovation on their earthly ease and luxury. It is said that the Pope knows this; and that should any or all prove rebellious, they would find instant quarters in the castle of St. Angelo.

"My wish to see the Pope was soon gratified. He is a benevolent looking man, with a quick eye, but not so penetrating and intelligent as I expected, with much more of the peculiar aspect of the Romish priest about him than I was prepared or wished to see; but his good deeds, particularly that forgiving mercy which he exhibited to a host of political prisoners, makes me glad to have seen him. May the same sacred virtues adorn his pontificate to its close, and may he, in his old age, be blessed with that peace which he has endeavoured to impart to others."

A Pope to be liberal and popular was a curiosity to puzzle any man in 1846. The puzzle is so far found out, but not quite deciphered yet. We only know that impenetrable clouds shut out any idea of what the results may be. For we live in wonderful times. It was only the other day, a person complained of there being nothing in the papers, they were so dull. The Pope of Rome had died, after the public assassination of his prime minister; the Emperor of Austria had abdicated his throne; the King of Prussia had changed a despotic power for a radical universal suffrage constitution; and the fate of France was in the balance for an elected ruler;—and yet the papers were dull—there was no news! We must have exterminating plagues, dreadful earthquakes, or planetary convulsions, to be worthy of the *quid nunc* appetite. Our forefathers would have thought the Pope's flight alone news enough for a twelvemonth at least.

At Innspruck, in June last, Mr. Terry thus speaks of another (ex) potentate:—

"The Austrian Emperor and Palace Guards.—This morning I saw the monarch of this extensive empire several times. The character he bears I could readily believe to be exactly true. He is a tender-hearted man, with a great lack of mental energy. The Empress was with him, and appeared of the same disposition, but clever looking.

"It is well, probably, that the Emperor has fled to this faithful part of his dominions, though I can scarcely imagine a being villain enough to injure him personally.

"The palace is guarded by Tyrolese, in their national costume—viz., conical hat, green jacket, black breeches, white stockings, and half boots. They walk about carelessly before the gateway, handling the rifle like a toy—that weapon which, in their hands, is perhaps the most deadly in the world."

"A company of these brave men, bearing a tattered standard, and accompanied by their band, came to salute the Emperor. It was done heartily, and must

have gratified royalty. I, a mere stranger, felt it, as I looked on these brave sons of brave fathers, cherishing their standard, made ragged by Napoleon's war haunts. It was so affecting, I was obliged to turn aside."

Here, too, the scene has shifted in a few months. We would not commit ourselves by comments; for who knows how foolish the next three months might make them look?

The other matters in this book are more lasting; and for a volume to lay on the table, and take up when there is a leisure five minutes or twenty, it is just "the ticket."

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

The Hudson's Bay Territories and Vancouver's Island. By R. M. Martin, Esq. Boones.

As all Mr. Martin's publications are, full of information *ab ovo* to the latest hatch. The island and its capabilities are fully described; the working of the Hudson's Bay Company developed, and the expediency of extending their operations to this important territory insisted upon; and a certain quantum of inquiry into the numbers and condition of the aborigines. The argument is strong:—

"The British rivals in the fur trade are now the American and the Russian Fur Companies, and it is our interest to do nothing to weaken the only association capable of preserving to England this valuable branch of traffic."

The statements "clearly show the means by which the Hudson's Bay Company have preserved a traffic in furs for nearly 200 years without any monopoly of the home market, thereby enriching England to the extent of at least twenty millions sterling; and now, although hemmed in by the enterprising spirit of the Americans on the south, and by the untiring industry of the Russians on the north, if upheld in their rights, supported by the Crown, and encouraged by enlightened public opinion, the Company, by the exercise of the means hitherto found successful, may long continue a valuable trade, which is nearly extinct in every other part of the globe."

We need not go into the original charter of the Company in 1670, nor of their management since of their wild empire, with its trying climates of hot and cold; nor of the present condition of their principal settlements. According to the printed list of Nov. 1847, they consisted of 239 proprietors, representing a capital stock of £400,000; and in March, 1848, their sale by auction consisted of "5780 otter; 4380 fisher; 900 fox, silver; 18,100 ditto, cross, red, white, and kilt; 2566 bear, black; 536 ditto, brown, grey, and white; 30,100 lynx; 9800 wolf; 680 wolverin; 121,000 martens; 24,000 mink skins; and sundry furs;—and on 30th August, 1848, 21,349 beaver skins; 54lbs. coat beaver and pieces; 808 otter skins; 195 sea otter; 150 fur seal; 744 fisher; 1544 fox; 2097 bear; 29,785 martens; 14,103 mink; 18,553 musquash; 1551 swan; 1015 lynx; 632 cat; 1494 wolf; 228 wolverin; 2090 racoon; and 2884 deer skins, &c. &c."

"Caprice, fashion, changes in trade, or in the use of the different articles for manufacture, materially influence the price of goods; thus, for instance, the introduction of silk hats has much reduced the price of beaver skins and other furs."

"The fall in the price of all skins has been very great; but as beaver constitutes the largest item in value, the reduction of profit to the Company will be seen by a comparison with the prices and amount of sales in

	1839	and	1846.
Price of beaver skin . . .	27s. 6d.		3s. 6d.
Number of skins sold . . .	55,486		45,389
Sale proceeds	£76,312		£7856

"There is also great variety in the prices of articles of similar denomination."

Mr. Martin says, "The operations of the Hudson's Bay Company, and those of the Russians in the north, have almost excluded the Americans from the fur trade, as there are few animals now found south of the parallel of 49°."

"Several detached bodies of American trappers

range the country, south of 49° north latitude; but, as Mr. Greenhow justly says, the hunters have no settlement of any kind, and, as is shown in the case just quoted, are liable at any moment to be massacred. A single hint from the chief officer of the Fort Vancouver settlement to the Indians would have been followed by the destruction of every American in the Oregon region. In fact, the American settlers at the Willamette would have perished of famine but for the Hudson's Bay Company. It is a matter of surprise and congratulation, therefore, that for nearly 200 years England, through the instrumentality of an effectually organized association, has not only maintained a position in North America, but extended her power, and held in check, if not to some extent civilized or subdued, thousands of savages, who have found that an English Company were their only friends.

"The trade, indeed, is one of much hardship and privation."

The native population is not easily ascertainable, but it seems to be very "sparsely" spread over vast territories. And yet, "so long as the Indians are in the power of the Europeans, they are perfectly good humoured; but whenever they find they are the strongest, a different conduct is pursued; and unless treated with firmness, they are sure to commence aggression. In the straits around Vancouver's Island, they have not hesitated to attack European boats; and near Nisqually, they assassinated one of the Company's officers and five men, on their way from Fort Langley to Fort Vancouver. Not long since, seizing Europeans, to be ransomed for guns, gunpowder, blankets, &c., was considered to be fair game by the Indians; and they are only now kept in awe throughout the whole country by the courage, mingled with policy, of the servants of the Company."

Where the supply of spirits is not allowed, the results are most favourable; and if missionaries are encouraged, Mr. Martin augurs still more gratifying effects,—and especially if Vancouver's Island is ceded to the Company; for he affirms—"In no other part of the continent of North America have the Indians been conserved so well as in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories; indeed, they have been almost extirpated in Canada, and in the United States; and it is probable that in a few years they will be utterly destroyed or expelled from the regions south of the 49° parallel of latitude."

THEODORE HOOK.

(Second Notice.—Conclusion.)

The Life and Remains of Theodore Edward Hook. We left off with Hook's unhappy return from the Mauritius.

After much suffering and long imprisonment,* he renewed his literary career, and *Tentamen*, a pamphlet—*jeu d'esprit*—now rare, was among the first of his essays. The *Arcadian*, a periodical which only reached two Nos., followed; and there were several other attempts of this sort (one—viz. the *London Literary Journal*, 1824-5—an imitation of the *Literary Gazette*) which failed, for Hook was not of a disposition to stick to anything laboriously, which did not start with *clat* at first. That did the *John Bull* in 1820, for on its appearance—

"Within a few hours the town was in a blaze, orders arrived from every quarter, and the office was beset with applicants! Preparations for the distribution of the paper must have been made by its patrons, to an extent unsuspected by the proprietors themselves; for so moderate had been the anticipations held as to the probable demand, that no more than 750 stamps had been procured: hundreds of copies were, in consequence, struck off upon unstamped paper, and issued in the course of that and

* In the Lock-up House. A friend who "visited him during his confinement, and being struck with the comparative spaciousness of his apartment, observed, by way of consolation—

"Why, really, Hook, you are not so badly lodged here, after all; this is a cheerful room enough."

"Oh yes!" returned Theodore, in a significant tone, as he pointed to the iron defences outside, "remarkably so—during the winters!"

the following day, the publisher making the proper affidavit, and paying the extra duty on the Monday.

"Its success was complete and unexampled; at the sixth week the sale had reached ten thousand, the first five numbers were reprinted more than once, and the first and second actually kept in stereotype."

Among the early contributors an individual is alluded to, p. 209, who must be callous if he does not yet write under the stigma. We hope the present able editor of the *John Bull* will take better care of his political friends; Hook's example ought not to be thrown away. *Verbum sat.* Whether Sir Walter Scott had a finger in the pie is not clear, but Terry, the Rev. James Hook, and at a later period, when the personality and acrimony of the journal had softened down, Thomas Ingoldsby used frequently to contribute to its columns. Several stories of Hook's superstition are well told, of which the following is a sample:—

"One of his friends, who was himself suspected of a leaning that way, notes, in the following words, an instance of this weakness.

"Dined at —; we were seated, twelve in number, when Hook arrived. He looked at first very black at finding himself the thirteenth; but being told that Y—, the actor, was expected, immediately took his seat, and the evening passed off merrily enough. An anecdote was given in the course of conversation singularly corroborative of the superstition by which Hook was, clearly, at first affected. A party of twelve had just sat down, and one of the guests having observed a vacant chair, was remarking, that he should hardly like to be the person destined to occupy that seat, when a tremendous double rap was heard,—the door was thrown open, and Mr. Fauntleroy* announced,—he was hanged within the year."

His intimacy with James Smith was agreeable and lasting; they did not clash, but if they had done so Hook had no envy, and truly needed to fear no competition. Of the gentle chuckling author of the *Rejected Addresses*, Mr. Barham says—

"His lines upon Craven-street, where he himself for many years resided, are pretty well known; but as the reply by Sir George Rose has not, we believe, appeared in print, we present the pair to the reader—

"In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal barges are moored at its base:
Fly, Honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
There's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

REPLY.

"Why should honesty seek any safer retreat,
From the lawyers or barges, odd-rot-en?
For the lawyers are just at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom.

"But Mr. Smith's happiest effort was enclosed in a short note to his friend Count D'Orsay—

"27, Craven-street, Monday, June 6.

"My dear Count.—Will you give me Gallic immortality, by translating the subjoined into French.—Sincerely yours, &c.

PIUS ÆNEAS.

"Virgil, whose magic verse enthralled,
And who in verse is greater?
By turns his wand'ring hero calls,
Now pius, and now pater.
But when prepared the worst to brave,
An action that must pain us,
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He hugs him dux TROJANUS.
And well he changes thus the word
On that occasion sure;
PIUS ÆNEAS were absurd,
And PATER premature!

* "Another story was at the same time told in connexion with this unfortunate gentleman. A Mr. E—, a wine-merchant, was very intimate with Fauntleroy, and with a few friends was in the habit of dining with him frequently. On these occasions, when the party was not too large, the host would produce some very choice old Lunelle wine, of which E— was exceedingly fond, but Fauntleroy could never be prevailed upon to say where he got it, or how it could be obtained. When the latter was under sentence of death, his old associates visited him repeatedly, and at their last interview, the night before his execution, E—, after having bid him farewell with the rest, on a sudden paused in the prison passage, returned to the cell, and said in a low voice to the criminal,—'You'll pardon my pressing the subject, but now, at all events, my dear friend, you can have no objection to tell me where I can get some of that Lunelle.'"

"It is worthy of remark, that the piece of sound criticism contained in these lines is to be attributed to Addison, though he somehow missed the pun. On reading the sixth number of the *Tatler*, where the subject is discussed, he at once detected Steele to be the author, having himself pointed out to him the poet's nicety of taste, in varying the epithet with the circumstances."

We may append another anecdote of our old friend of Craven-street, a whimsical instance of the ruling passion strong in death. Towards the close of his earthly course, Dr. P— (the head of the R. C. P.) deemed it right to warn him that he could not hope to survive many hours, and, therefore, if there was anything unsettled on his mind, it would be advisable to attend to it without unnecessary delay. The patient promised that he would think of it, and thanked the doctor for his advice. Next day when he called, he found Mr. Smith only a little more exhausted, and asked him to make any communication he might wish in consequence of what had passed. "Well," replied James, "I have been pondering on what you said about anything that might be on my mind. Now, in the last No. of the * * * * *, there is a rebus or conundrum—what is it? My first is so and so, my second so and so, and my whole; and though I have, I think, discovered the first and the second, is it not very provoking that I cannot make out the whole?" To return to Theodore. During his later years, Mr. Barham was his most intimate friend and confidential adviser; and with a truer and a better he could not have been blessed. Ingoldby had congenial humour, and he had also an unbogoted spirit and a liberal construction for the frailties and faults of his fellow creatures. He reminds us of these:—

"His (Hook's) new residence afforded occasion for the delivery of one of the best of those unpremeditated *bon mots*, which were for ever sparkling and shooting athwart his fancy. A friend, viewing Putney bridge from the little terrace that overhung the Thames, observed that he had been informed that it was a very good investment, and, turning to his host, inquired 'if such were the case—if the bridge really answered?'"

"I don't know," said Theodore, "but you have only to cross it, and you are sure to be told."

"Another instance of the readiness of his wit, is set down, a few days later, in Mr. Barham's diary. The Duke of B—, who was to have been one of the knights at the Eglington Tournament, was lamenting that he was obliged to excuse himself, on the ground of an attack of the gout—

"How," said he, "could I ever get my poor puffed legs into those abominable iron boots?"

"It will be quite as appropriate," replied, Hook "if your Grace goes in your *list shoes*."

The writer has himself made one of the most biting puns in the book, but as he seems to be unconscious of it, we may refer him to page 232. Southey's mystifying the public by fathering the "Doctor" on Hook is a droll bit of literature, but the laureate was fond of this sort of "gag." Don Esprilla's Letters were a famous instance in point; and we can bear testimony to his frequent (most welcome) imposition of poems, &c., upon our credulity, in the name of some gentleman, Mr. Sayers, or some such *incog.*, resident in the Tower of London. Under this disguise he palmed on our unsuspecting head, among other most welcome cheats, the splendid ballad—

"Bonaparte he would set out
On a summer excursion to Moscow,"—

and also the pleasant satire on Byron, entitled "Miss Ann Thrope."

There are some graver points on which we would fain tuck before we dismiss this work. We have seen how Hook was treated in life and death by an offended government, even to the second and posthumous sale of his furniture, taking some 2500*l.* from his two boys and three girls, for whose unprovided heads the charity of friends had to be invoked. This call was feelingly met by some; but more unfeelingly "repudiated" by others. His biographer refers to his indulgence in the vice of gaming, (we

were not aware to the extent intimated,) and observes—

"No man knew human nature better than he—no man perhaps knew himself better: in the case of another, he would have been the keenest to detect, and the ablest to expose the inevitable consequences of such a course; he would have perceived, moreover, how agreeable to the 'bank' would be the attendance of a man of such wit and celebrity as himself, how valuable as a decoy if not as a victim; and he would have readily appreciated at a just estimate, 'the very handsome conduct and extreme liberality' of Mr. C—d, who allowed him three years to pay off the balance that appeared against him."

"That Hook, too, suffered considerably from the habitual, perhaps unconscious, rapacity of certain titled companions, seems pretty certain; that either he or his derived any solid advantage from the connexion is far more problematical. And yet a man might be named—a nobleman of boundless wealth, who had ever professed the greatest esteem and regard for him, who, by a stroke of his pen, a drop from his ocean, never to be misused or remembered, might have obliterated a world of cares from one who was positively wasting the very means of subsistence in ministering to his amusement—a man who boasted to Hook himself, that, at the close of a particular year, all bills, &c., being paid, there remained, over and above his expenditure, a surplus in his hands of 95,000*l.* that he did not know what to do with; but who, as the latter observed, would probably not have consented to expend five of them in saving his friend from the horrors of a jail."

This is a truth, and only part of the base character of a man only to be compared with the worst of the Roman emperors, and a disgrace to human nature; the nearest we ever knew to the *Monstrum horrendum nulla virtute redemptum*.

But he was not without his hypocritical "palls" of an inferior degree—

Hook "left," says Mr. B., "five children, two boys and three girls, who, together with their mother, were relieved from instant embarrassment by the prompt liberality of four of his true friends, Messrs. Milne, Broderip, Powell, and Lyons, who each came forward with a hundred pounds. This sum proved the nucleus of a subscription afterwards set on foot by the executors, which realized something under 3000*l.*: the King of Hanover generously gave 500*l.* With that splendid exception, the names appearing on the list are mostly those of men in moderate circumstances, and of his own rank in life; more than one of his nobler acquaintances declining, on the score, we believe, of a nice morality, to contribute to the undertaking. Such scruples are, of course, entitled to deference, however we may deplore the severity with which they necessarily operated on individuals of themselves blameless and unoffending, or regret that a more timely display of them was not made effectual to the discountenancing, and possibly correcting, of the original fault. Such a manifestation would have proved, perhaps, even more favourable to the cause of virtue; and would at all events have preserved those gentlemen from the painful position in which they were placed. It is always unfortunate for a man, when his first protest against a vice happens to be coincident with his interest."

This is neat satire, but the conduct deserves unrestrained reprobation. Why, the parties had been his most intimate associates; the partakers in his revels, the boon companions of his expenditure, the encouragers of his errors. And they to turn on his tomb, and cant their censures, and spit their venom on his memory, and button up their pockets to the distress of his inoffending children! Ah! it is heart-sickening! The cant of sanctimonious and over-righteous criticism which we see on this book's revelations are only of a piece with it. Miserable purists who affect to pity while they condemn an erring nature they have not soul to comprehend.

The leading cause, after all, of Hook's difficulties and miseries was not his gaming nor his extravagance. Here is the key to the secret—

"His industry was certainly unflagging, and his

income, as must be confessed, large, averaging, for some years after the establishment of the *Bull*, from two to three thousand pounds per annum; but—that which makes the richest needy—it was invariably forestalled."

Thus when he estimated his income, say from *Bull* at 2000*l.*, he forgot to calculate that, in the way he was paying, it was perhaps little if any more than 1000*l.* or 1200*l.* a year:—

"As has been justly observed, 'it is a great disadvantage, relatively speaking, to any man, and especially to a very careless and a very sanguine man, to have possessed an uncertain and fluctuating income. That disadvantage is greatly increased, if the person so circumstanced has conceived himself to be, in some degree, entitled to presume that, by the exertion of his own talents, he may at pleasure increase that income—thereby becoming induced to make promises to himself, which he may afterwards fail to fulfil. Occasional excess and frequent unpunctuality will be the natural consequences of such a situation.'"

"Such was the exact position of Theodore Hook: and to the sources of embarrassment here pointed out may be added the difficulties into which he was plunged through the defalcation of others."

He was earning large sums, and just the man to be plucked by Jew and lawyer; not, it would seem, by booksellers, for he speaks gratefully of their liberality towards him, although his having to *Hack* for it, was a sore disadvantage to his present, and drawback on his future fame.

Mr. Shackell, the publisher of *John Bull*, deserves honourable mention for his conduct throughout, but he made one lamentable false step, and has (we fear) himself felt and paid for it. Hook wanted some advance, and Shackell hung fire:—

"As usual," says our author, "the origin of the dispute is traceable to the embarrassed state of Mr. Hook's finances. Certain plans and proposals, on the part of the latter, for the disentanglement of his affairs, had been submitted by Mr. Shackell—and not improperly, so far as we can see, to the approval of a Mr. H—, who was the legal adviser to *Bull*, and who held, moreover, a considerable stake in the concern:—"

"Sunday afternoon.

"MY DEAR S.—Time was, when one man writing to another received that other's answer, and that when a letter was marked 'private,' it was not handed about the town like a novel from a circulating library. We have been connected some twelve or thirteen years; I have by me dozens of your letters, as ably written as any man's I ever read—How comes it, then, now you feel yourself bound to carry my private letter to a third person to have it replied to? If men who have so long known each other, take to corresponding by attorney—the world is a good deal altered since I began to know it."

"In the whole course of my dealings with you, and with every human being with whom I have had dealings, I never in my life played a game—never finessed—never manœuvred. If I had chosen to do so, perhaps God has given me the power; but there is no transaction of my life, public or private, in which I ever sought or desired to take advantage of a living creature; what, then, could induce you to take my private letter to your lawyer, and instruct him to reply to it—are you afraid of me or of him? That you are estranged from me, is most true—why, I know not; for, ever since I first knew you, to this moment, I have, wherever and whenever you have been mentioned, given you the entire credit for the honour, honesty, and integrity which I really and truly believe you possess. If you had answered my letter as heartily as it was written, and referred me to Mr. H—, well and good! * * * Rouse yourself—look about you—you ought to be rich and happy—you have now got rid of all your infernal acceptances—you are established in what, every body says, is an excellent business, and you have no bad income from "*B*," which don't curse—you need not look

* Query, at the time or afterwards, in consequence of this reference?—Ed. L. G.

back and recollect what it might have been—but look forward—look to brighter days—and, bright or black, up or down, believe me your friend in any way which I can be friendly—all I ask is—*answer your own letters*—and believe me, yours most sincerely and faithfully,
T. E. H."

Never was a truer lesson penned. If honest men would answer each other's own letters, they would not so often enact the ruinous parts of the oyster shells. In this very case, we believe, none of the principals had occasion to look back with satisfaction on the calling in of legal advice.

But enough; we must end this long but to us, personally, very interesting notice. Some errors of the press and author will require correction in the next edition. Thus, in the last page, Mr. H., the attorney, is converted into his namesake the banker, in the amusing story of the Boar's head; at page 110, the omission of the definite article before "secret" spoils the passage, and at 174, a painful event which occurred in Scotland is located near Somers-town. These are, however, trifles; the book is destined for popularity, and the second volume, filled with the bitter satires and humorous papers, (Mrs. Ramsbotham's letters, &c.) written by Hook in the *John Bull*, will not be the least relished. Two or three of the minor poems may not be his; but there is enough to prove him a host in himself, even when we remember Moore, Sydney Smith, the Rolliad, and the Antijacobin.

SARDINIA.

The Island of Sardinia, &c.
(Second Notice—Conclusion.)

"Having passed over the lower range of the Monte Niddu, a gradual descent leads to the village of Monti. The population, about 800, consisting of shepherds and viandanti, lives in a most abject state of misery—a compound of poverty, ignorance, and idleness. Some years since an infant school—the only one of the district—was established, but the number of pupils in its Augustan age of literature never exceeded twelve; and it was found, in the year 1838, that the population had so benefited by the instruction that not a soul in the whole parish could either read or write; and, judging from personal inquiries, they are still in a similar state of enlightenment. Their chief commerce is in honey and wax, of which latter the district produces to the annual value of 12,000 lire, or about 480*l.* sterling. Perfectly unacquainted with the system of pasturage or agriculture, the cultivated lands do not return a ninth part of what they might; and the rest are said to be capable of supporting fourteen times their present population. So grossly mismanaged are the pastures that the shepherds take their flocks and herds to the neighbouring districts of Alà and Barchidda; and this encroachment being stopped by the Barchiddese, some disturbances lately took place, in which the huts and stazi were burnt and destroyed, and the Montini driven back into their own district. Vendetta exists, consequently, to a considerable degree, but the fugitives to the mountains obtain an easy livelihood by the chase, every kind of game being abundant, and procured with great facility from their being excellent shots, and trained in their early days by the favourite amusement of the bertaglio.

"Monti is a nucleus of malaria and misery; eight years ago there were not eighteen beds in the whole district, and the population, then amounting to 700, slept, as the greater portion now does, on pieces of cork or twisted reeds, with a coarse rudely-worked coverlid over them. Having very practical ideas of the system of community of goods, they train and employ dogs for hunting up and carrying off their neighbours' stores, as well as for defending their own; and these bastard lurcher animals form an integral part of the family circle in each hovel; for, independently of their out-door services, they are necessary for warmth and society at home. But Monti is by no means the only village in Sardinia where the canine race are treated on a par with the human; in some few cases not undeservedly so, for

the moral faculties and feelings are in these instances but little superior to the natural instinct.

"The village has a parochial church, and four others in the district; their advantage is evidenced by the state of morals and learning of the parish-ioners.

"The neighbouring village of Barchidda lies under the Punte Gigantinu, the second loftiest peak of the Limbara range, which, about 4300 feet high, over-shadows, with a beautiful outline, the valley beneath; from whence a path, winding among the lower parts of the mountain from the village, leads to Tempio. It is a nine hours' journey, dangerous in rainy and snowy weather, and in the best of seasons the path is execrable.

"The population of Barchidda, almost entirely pastoral, amounts to about 1350, of which, ten years ago, there were fifteen pupils at the school; and learning has so much increased that they now amount to twenty-five; the three churches, and five more in the district, will give a church for every 168 persons; and it is calculated that one in fifty-four receives the rudiments of education.

"Wax, honey, and cheese are the principal productions; the latter is in high estimation, not only in Sardinia, but in Italy; to which country it is exported from Terranova.

"Throughout the district, as well as by Monti and Osehiri, are ruins of Noraghe; but none of them in a good state of preservation, except the two called Colomeddu and Piddiu; and near that of St. Juane Cabrile are the remains of a Sepulture de is Gigantes, in which human bones and some earthenware objects were said to have been discovered; but on which I could obtain no positive information."

Again—

"In passing over the mountain I stopped at a shepherd's hut, situated on a small mound backed by woods and overhanging a glen, and accepted the proffered hospitality of the family, as a refusal would not only be painful on such occasions, but have a suspicious appearance. This habitation—a specimen of those made of dried mud, turf, and straw, where granite or some other material is not more easily and cheaply obtained—was about twenty feet square, by ten feet high; had no window except a small aperture about a foot square, and the roof consisted of large pieces of cork laid loosely on each other, with heavy stones placed on them to prevent their being blown away. The natural soil formed the floor; in the furthest corner was a bed appropriated to the parents, and opposite, a bundle of reeds, mats, skins, and old clothes, which at night are laid near the live embers of the fire, and form the joint stock sleeping place of the rest of the family. In the corner opposite the door was a flour-mill, worked with a short horizontal shaft by a miserable donkey, smothered up in a sheepskin cap over his head and eyes. Whether it was in tender consideration for any giddiness he might feel in revolving in his small circle, or that he might more fully appreciate the 'grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur' blow of a thick stick, is immaterial; but the head-dress, if it had not a useful, had certainly a very grotesque appearance. In the centre of the room was the fireplace, a square excavation in the ground about six inches deep, in which the embers are seldom allowed to be extinguished, but are nourished by a large smouldering log; and in default of chimney, the smoke having duly blackened the whole of the interior of the cottage, escapes either at the door or the small aperture before mentioned. Above the fire, on two rafters crossing the roof, was a reed lattice-work, on which were cheeses placed to dry and get a smoky flavour—a peculiar but highly esteemed quality; against the wall were hollowed trunks of trees filled with corn and other stores, some of them literally family trunks, being used as such for their clothes; and in smaller hollowed stems were cheeses steeped in salted water, while other kinds were on shelves or heaped upon the ground. The household utensils, made of cork, bark, and split reed, were of a similarly rude construction, and showed not the remotest attempt at comfort or cleanliness. The only two

stools, instead of their ordinary purpose, were used as stands for milk-bowls, and the custom of sitting on the ground is necessary, as the inhabitants thereby are less exposed to the smoky atmosphere of the room. Outside the door were two upright poles supporting a horizontal one, from which were suspended buckets of water, to be softened by exposure to the night-air. The shepherd and two sons were at their out-door employment; and the mother and three daughters were making cheese and other preparations of milk. Their dress was a light green cloth bodice fitting closely to the figure, with a narrow red edging; and the petticoat, of a coarse dark purple cloth, had a broad red border of the same material. Shoes, stockings, and under-petticoats were things quite unknown to them; but their very absence, showed the grace and elegance of their figures."

Of the Noraghes above alluded to, there are in more or less perfect or ruinous condition, about three thousand in Sardinia; and the author's researches into their origin, date, and purposes form an important chapter of archaeological intelligence:—

"The ancient architectural remains known by the name Noraghe or Nurag, are the most interesting objects in the island, and the unfathomable mysteries of their origin and purpose having hitherto baffled the learning and ingenuity of historians, archaeologists, and antiquaries.

"The spelling of the name varies according to different authors, as much as the pronunciation, in the districts where they are found; consequently, Nur-hag, Nuraghe, Noraghe, Nurache, Nuraxi, and Our-ag, Or-ag, omitting the first letter n, are used indiscriminately; but, though Nur-hag may be perhaps more classically correct, Noraghe seems to be most generally adopted, and is of the masculine gender without a difference of termination in the plural.

"All are built on natural or artificial mounds, whether in valleys, plains, or on mountains, and some are partially enclosed, at a slight distance, by a low wall of a similar construction to the building.

"Their essential architectural feature is a truncated cone or tower, averaging from thirty to sixty feet in height, and from 100 to 300 in circumference at the base. The majority have no basement, but the rest are raised on one extending either in a corresponding or an irregular shape, and of which the perimeter varies from 300 to 653 feet, the largest yet measured.

"The inward inclination of the exterior wall of the principal tower, which almost always is the centre of the building, is so well executed as to present in its elevation a perfect and continuously symmetrical line; but sometimes a small portion of the external face of the outer works of the basements, which are not regular, is straight and perpendicular; such instances are, however, very rare.

"There is every reason to believe, though without positive proof, for none of the Noraghe are quite perfect, that the cone was originally truncated and formed thereby a platform on its summit.

"The material of which they are built being always the natural stone of the locality, we accordingly find them of granite, limestone, basalt, trachitic porphyry, lava, and tuff; the blocks varying in shape and size from three to nine cubic feet, while those forming the architraves of the passages are sometimes twelve feet long, five feet wide, and the same in depth.

"The surfaces present that slight irregularity which proves the blocks to have been rudely worked by the hammer, but with sufficient exactness to form regular horizontal layers; with few exceptions the stones are not polygonal, but when so, are without that regularity of form which would indicate the use of the rule; nor is their construction of the Cyclopean and Pelagic styles; neither have they sculpture, ornamental work, or cement."

The discussion of particulars occupies nearly half a volume, and must therefore only be referred to, especially as we have not the engravings to illustrate them.

"The Etruscan buildings, by the description of those no longer existing, as well as from the

sepulchres and chambers now known, offer no assistance in the elucidation of the subject, though a few bronze articles have been discovered in them, analogous, though not similar, to some relics found in Sardinia and the Balearic Islands; and the existence of the cone has been advanced as an affinity; but the conical tumuli, such as those on Monte Nerone, Cervetri, and in other places, are raised on a narrow stone base, and in every respect differ from the Noraghe.

"No buildings are extant in the country known as the ancient Phœnicia, from which any information can be obtained on the style of architecture prevalent there among that people; but we may follow them in their migrations. Among the ruins of Carthage there is not even a vestige analogous to a Noraghe."

The Talayots, in the Balearic Isles, have the nearest affinity to them; and Mr. Tyndale observes,—

"Their wonderful strength and solidity, uniformity of design, though difference in size, the peculiar direction and smallness of the entrance, the narrow winding passages, domed chambers, position on a natural or artificial elevation, whether on hills or in valleys, the small aperture for the admission of light, and the circumstances of the Sepultura de Gigantes being concomitant remains, are peculiarities which evidently indicate a religious or sepulchral purpose. Comparatively but very few are so constructed as to permit the supposition of their having been merely sepulchres; but there is nothing in their shape to render it impossible that they may have been altars or temples for the worship of the heavenly bodies, or for the earliest sacrifices and idolatries recorded in the Old Testament."

In fine, he concludes that they were derived from Canaan, and continuing to treat of them in conjunction with the *Sepultura de Gigantes*, (also very remarkable relics of ancient times,) he says,—

"The coincidence of two such peculiar monuments in the same island, their non-existence elsewhere, and that both are indicative of some abstract principle of grandeur and power, practically carried out in their construction, are strong reasons for the presumption that they may have had some mutual reference to each other: If the Sepultura were graves, would the Noraghe be so also; or, if the Noraghe were tombs, what were their frequent concomitants the Sepultura? By the supposition that the latter were the depositories of some hero, or of the figure of one, whether of common stature or actual gigantic height, according to the tradition of the people, and that the Noraghe were temples or altars of some idolatrous creed, the co-existence of the two monuments might be accounted for. If a similar objection be raised as in the case of the Noraghe, why have not these Sepultura been found in the countries where the Aramean, Canaanitish, and Phœnician nations dwelt, and to which they emigrated? The same reason might be here applied; so that, finally, a Canaanitish race with its idolatrous religion is apparently the only source from whence we may derive either of these extraordinary erections."

Antiquarian and classic readers will find much farther information and pleasure in the collection of ancient inscriptions, and notice of the Museum at Cagliari and its contents, (though poor for the country,) among which we may specify the following:—

"The specimens of ancient glass, though few, are most valuable; and among them are thirteen large vases, globular, opaque, and of different colours, equal to those in the Borbonico at Naples."

"In the Terra Cotta collection, the Phœnician, Carthaginian, Egyptian, and Roman specimens amount to about 1000."

The Phœnician (some, perhaps, Carthaginian?) remains are by far the most important. The Sardinian bronze idols are funny looking fellows:

"Such," says the author, "is the Museum of Sardinia—a country which could probably bring to light as many treasures of ancient art as any kingdom of its size, but which has as yet collected fewer."

"In fact all the expenses are limited to 600 lire more per month, or 288l. per annum; and the salary of the curator is only 40l. per annum."

A Collection for the Use of Schools, compiled from the writings of Sir W. Scott. Edinburgh: Cadell.

THIS is a happy thought and judiciously executed. No author that ever published had so little which at the close of his career he should wish to blot out, than Sir Walter Scott, and consequently any selection from his works must be pre-eminently adapted for school reading, and the best purposes of education. The only thing to be avoided was to steer clear of examples in which the *patois* of Scotland prevailed, such as has hindered any of the translations from him, into the continental languages, to be so well done and popular as *Ivanhoe*. The compiler begins with historical and narrative pieces, then descriptive, and, *en suite*, characters of eminent persons, anecdotes, humorous sketches, pathos, moral, religious, poetical, literary, and miscellaneous matters, the whole forming a volume of wonderful variety, great entertainment, and most unquestionable instruction. We know of no period of life, from the school-room to the second childhood, which will not be pleased and improved by this volume.

Austria.—By E. P. Thompson, Esq. Smith, Elder and Co.

To meet the "great interest at this moment, when Austria is passing through the critical ordeal of reorganization," and to correct the "many false impressions entertained with respect to Austrian institutions and policy," the author has put together a full geographical, statistical, and political account of the empire. His style is bad, but his information is ample; and that is what readers most desire. On questions of government and policy, his views are entirely on the liberal side; and he holds up the aristocracy and bureaucracy of the country to the severest censure, for depressing the middle stations and oppressing the peasantry. Looking forward to better times, through the efforts of the friends of order, and not of anarchists and mob legislators, he speaks with contempt of the Frankfort parliament, as a body of Utopian schemers, without power to originate or sustain any effective measures.

Kings of England: a History for Young Children. Mozleys; Masters.

RATHER an induction to our history, through the personalities of the sovereigns who have reigned since the Romans bore sway. It is written in a familiar style, indeed some of the phraseology rather too common-place, and takes throughout the royalist and Tory tone, in recording the events and estimating the characters that figure on the page. Faith, loyalty, obedience, and reverence are the national virtues which it enforces, that we may continue to be the most prosperous people on the face of the earth.

Education: its Nature, Import, (?) and Necessity. By John Jenkins. Longmans.

A SENSIBLE little volume, in which the value of education is insisted upon, its recent condition on the Continent and America described, and its national establishment in England proposed on the data of popular control, with government right of inspection, the voluntary attendance of the pupils, and the abstinence from religious or political instruction by the master, with the salvo that such may be given by the religious or lay teacher, whom parents may choose for either purpose.

A Voice from the Mount.—By the Rev. R. Cobbold. Wright.

THE author of many works of great earnestness and piety has here added another to the stock of his truly pastoral and Christian labours. Taking the Sermon on the Mount for his texts, he has addressed thirty-nine letters or exhortations to inculcate the virtue of humility and the blessedness of peace. His counsels are most salutary, and we could fervently wish them indelibly impressed on the people of England.

Emigrant's Guide to Port Natal.—By J. C. Byrne. Wilson.

AN association has it seems been formed for colonizing this part of South Africa; and, with a map, the present publication states their plans, and the inducements for preferring the locality.

Nut-Cracker and Sugar-Dolly.—Translated by C. A. Dana. Cundall; Clarke and Co.

THE woodcuts, from designs by Lewis Richter, are highly grotesque, comic, and amusing. The principal story, which gives the name to the little book, is a clever dwarf and fairy tale, and the other shorter narratives are well calculated for the holiday entertainment of good children.

Underwood's Medical Appointment Book.—Underwood and Co. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

PECULIARLY adapted for Medical practitioners, we think a more useful year's book could hardly have been contrived. Thirty odd pages of appropriate almanack matter are followed by clean, clear, and well-arranged diary paper, for entering engagements, preserving memoranda, and keeping accounts.

A Biblical Cyclopaedia, or Dictionary.—Edited by J. Eadie, LL.D. London and Glasgow: Griffin and Co.

FOUNDED ON, and enlarged from, a very commendable work as far as it goes—"The Union Bible Dictionary," published in America; this publication is a valuable improvement upon its model. Sectarianism is eschewed, and a Biblical Dictionary for the people has been honestly and (in the way of investigation and reference to modern authorities) learnedly accomplished. Maps, neat typography, arranged in three columns on the page, wood cuts, and other merits, recommend this compilation to every Christian household for reference and information, where they wish to understand the Scriptures, and for these purposes not inferior to Kitto's elaborate production.

Outlines of English Literature.—By T. B. Shaw, B.A. Murray.

THIS volume is from the pen of the Professor of English literature of the Imperial Alexander Lyceum of St. Petersburg, who takes a rapid view of the subject from the earliest period of recorded time in Britain to the present day. The object is the construction of a concise yet comprehensive manual; and although there are (and it could not be otherwise) many omissions, the catalogue raisonné is on the whole very creditable to the Professor's diligence. Hundreds of our authors, from the Saxon chroniclers to the living writers now around us, are passed before our eyes as in a fantocini, with the accompaniments of brief biographical notices, and descriptions of their principal works. On these Mr. Shaw pronounces his opinion in a straightforward and intelligible manner, and with the taste and good sense which entitle them to due consideration and respect. That we differ from him essentially in many of his criticisms may be no impeachment of his judgment; and we therefore end with stating that his "Outlines" really comprehend a full summary of English Literature, and may be usefully referred to as such.

Poems. By H. Wadsworth Longfellow. Kent and Richards.

Is a neat little pocket volume of reprints from American publications, and appears to be as accurate and complete as could be desired. A portrait of the author, certainly one of the most popular poets in the United States, is engraved as a frontispiece, from a drawing by Mr. H. W. Cheney. It is a good head, and intellectual looking; with rather an artist's stare about the large eyes. We have so frequently spoken of the merits of the poetry, that we need only say, this is a book which those who love feeling and grace in pleasing varieties of versification will do well to possess.

The Life and Works of William Cowper. Complete in One Volume. Tegg and Co.

THE portrait after Romney, (here excellently engraved by Greatbach), always impresses us with the idea of latent insanity; it is, nevertheless, a fine performance, and worthy of the poet and the artist. With regard to the volume, it is so truly a Home Book, that we need say nothing to recommend it. To have all of Cowper in this form together, is to have a library of interest and instruction; a valuable edition of a standard English author, one title of whose writings would entitle him to a foremost place among those who have been born to charm and improve mankind.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SEA SERPENT.

We had thought the monster again committed to the "deep, deep sea," when the subjoined letter from a valued Correspondent disclosed so much new matter and argument, that we could not resist the temptation to revive the subject. We need hardly say how highly we estimate the talents of the Cuvier of England, for no periodical in existence has borne more warm testimony to the genius of Professor Owen than the *Literary Gazette*, and none have (through years of attention and admiration) so accurately and fully reported his splendid scientific progress and discoveries. But *audi alteram partem* has ever been our motto, and we deem it the only right and faithful guide for the discharge of our duty and the public satisfaction.

It may be remarked, as curious enough, that all of the name of Owen have not been unbelievers in the appearance of Sea Serpents. On the contrary, the Rev. Charles Owen, D.D., in the year 1742 (how much wiser do we get in a century!) published a respectable quarto—"An Essay towards a History of Serpents: in Two Parts"—wherein not only is the Sea species described, but engraved on one of the plates. The work begins at the beginning, with the prime-Eve-al, or Prime-evil, or primeval Serpent in Paradise (we hope the learned Professor will not question that), and then discusses the fiery Serpent in the camp of Israel, after the Exodus, Moses's Brazen Serpent, and other snakes, of which classic, historical, and legendary antiquity is redolent. The Second Part presents us with a "View of most Serpents known in several parts of the World;" and among them the Sea Serpent figured, as we have stated, in many folds or convolutions, maneless and finless, but apparently ridged, as it has always been described by those who have declared themselves ocular witnesses of its form and being. In his text, Dr. Owen speaks of the *Lihoya* or *Guaku*, called by the Portuguese *Hobre de Hado*, from 18 to 30 feet in length, which jumps out of the woods and devours its prey. He then informs us that the *Cucurijuba* is a water snake, of from 25 to 30 feet long, and 3 feet in compass, which can swallow a hog or a stag at once; that his teeth are like those of dogs, but that he makes no use of them as instruments of mastication. Harris (he adds), in his *Atlas America*, mentions one killed asleep, that was twelve yards and a half (37 feet, 6 inches) long, and proportionably big, in whose belly they found two wild boars. "This Serpent," he says, "I take to be the *Lyhoya*, or a near relative, a gigantic Serpent."

But we must now give our friend's letter:—

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—Circumstances have prevented me, until lately, seeing the letter of Professor Owen on the marine animal seen by the officers of the *Dædalus*, which he concludes to have been not of the serpent, but of the seal species. His arguments in brief are, that the existence of the former is improbable—that it has never been seen alive by trustworthy observers—and that no remains of it are found in the museums. As a question of natural history, it possesses some interest; and without in the least entering upon the discussion as a partizan, a few remarks may not be unworthy of notice.

With much respect for the Professor's acknowledged acquirements and reputation in the science which he adorns, I am nevertheless not at all disposed to acquiesce in his views, which at best are mere assumptions. He cannot, and I sure does not, consider them in the nature of proofs. The conjecture formed in the closet of the philosopher may be very ingenious—but having often found philosophy at fault in very simple matters, when brought to the test of actual experience—I am never disposed to take mere opinions in opposition to positive statements of fact. I am, perhaps, less disposed toward the former, from having been myself for several years a wanderer over the surface of the waters, and witnessed some things

for which I am still unable to account. And I am still less inclined to take his view of the matter, from the conviction that voyagers see the seal much more frequently than philosophers—that its form is as familiar and its haunts much better known to them—and that the positive denial of Capt. McQuhrie of its being of the Phœa tribe, sets the matter at rest, as far as individual testimony can go. It is true, indeed, we have been humorously told in the pages of fiction, of former philosophers at Surgeons' Hall, who having once taken up a theory would allow nothing to interfere with it, and could therefore silence a matter-of-fact man, with "A fig for ocular demonstration!" The celebrated Edmund Burke talks, with some contempt, of another set of philosophers, as persons who can believe nothing but "what they can measure with a two-foot rule— which they can tell upon ten fingers."

Without for a moment including the Professor in either category, it is evident he places great dependence upon the circumstance of no bones or remains of such a creature as the sea serpent is said to be, being found in any cabinet of Natural History. I admit there is some weight in this remark, but not a great deal. Looking at the depth and vast extent of the ocean, and the comparatively narrow track of a ship, or even of fifty ships running over it, few dispassionate inquirers will believe that we know a tenth part of its contents, living or dead, and that such small objects as bones buried in its hollows and caverns, may not fall under the eye of the most diligent inquirer. There is no doubt that if the animal exist at all, as from the testimony borne we must believe it to do, it is rare. And as from its bulk it is more likely to frequent and to die in deep than in shallow water, the reason of no remains being found becomes at once obvious. Analogy, however, supplies us with a similar deficiency in regard to animals of whose existence there is no doubt whatever, and which is much more remarkable. Apes are well known to inhabit certain parts of Gibraltar; yet are so rarely seen as to induce doubt in the minds of some whether they are really to be found there. My friend, Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N., long employed as Surveyor in the Mediterranean, having occasion during his operations to be on the summit of the Rock before daylight, saw large families of them repeatedly. Being at length desirous, as matter of curiosity, of procuring a cranium of one, he applied to the goat-herd of the Governor, who, having been accustomed for twenty years to range over every part of the Fortress, and at all hours, was most likely to accomplish his object. To his surprise, however, this could not be done; the man assured him, that during his whole period of service there, he had never once seen a bone of an ape; and on mentioning the circumstance at the Governor's (Lord Chatham) table, this singularity was confirmed by others.

Discredit has been thrown upon the existence of the sea-serpent species by the extravagant stories told of it by Pontoppidan and other Norwegian authorities. These, however exaggerated, had no doubt some basis in truth. Bodies of men, and in various quarters, seldom combine to state gratuitous falsehoods. Without being at all prone to the marvellous,—for the natural leaning of my mind is the reverse,—it is no great stretch of credulity to believe that an extraordinary animal of an unknown species was really seen by some of those who have described it. Of what precise character it was, admits of more doubt; and fright would readily distort it into shapes sufficiently hideous. Yet it could scarcely be of the seal tribe, all of which are too familiar to the maritime population of Norway to give rise to even momentary mistake. The argument of the Professor, that stronger testimony may be found for the reality of ghosts than for that of sea-serpents, seems to me unphilosophical. There is no analogy between the subjects. Serpents are substantial, material, tangible bodies, familiar to men in many parts of the world, and known nearly as long as man himself. Ghosts—if we apply anything like reasoning to such shadows—are the opposite of this in almost every particular. There is therefore little pertinence in

the remark, because no intelligent person believes in their existence. *Water-snakes, or serpents*, are well known to exist in certain localities, though of small dimensions. If this cannot be denied, is it an unreasonable or untenable supposition that a much larger species may possibly be found in other situations? Admitting this probability, the question becomes merely one of size. Here, again, we must be guided by analogy; and if monstrous or uncommon growths be observable in some creatures, there seems no positive impossibility of their being found among others. As an instance in point, I may mention a monster among the Amphibia. At the reduction of Java in 1811, the "Nisus," Captain Beaver, with some other men-of-war, were detached, preparatory to an attack on Sourabaya, the Eastern capital of the Island, the access to which is defended by a very strong insular work—Fort Lodowic. To reconnoitre it, Captain Beaver, accompanied by one of the officers, proceeded at an early hour to the Islet of Manara, and while in the Sooloo river, with this view, discovered an enormous alligator, whose dimensions make sober truth seem to border upon fiction. When first swept by the telescope, it appeared to him a huge tree lying on the mud. In a few minutes more the guide and natives in the canoe announced its real nature by a cry or shout, while the captain, in a gradual approach, yet keeping a respectful distance, surveyed it attentively. His impression was, that its length exceeded forty feet, perhaps forty-three or four; the circumference of the largest part of the body at least equal to that of a horse, and about double the length of that animal; the extent of the jaws full eight feet; the eyes, when they became visible, glistening like two large emeralds; the hinder part slightly curved and close to the water. The sun being now hot, and the creature not having moved during their recognisance, was at first supposed by the officers to be asleep, but their companions, more familiar with its habits, said he was on the watch for prey. To prove this, the guide at length directed one of the rowers to jump out upon the bank, when the monster, of whom with ordinary precaution they are not much afraid, instantly plunged into the water, there about seven fathoms deep, and by the agitation, which resembled that caused by the launch of a small vessel, it was traced to a considerable distance.

"In all such accounts of great deviations from the usual course of nature, something depends upon the character of the observer; and in that point the authority is beyond dispute. Able, studious, serious, strong-minded, rigid, and unbending to a fault, besides being habituated to judge of proportions with the precision of a nautical eye, those who knew Captain Beaver could entertain no doubt of his accuracy, had there even been no corroborating testimony. I dined with him not more than a day or two subsequently, and introduced the subject, which had become a topic of conversation in the ship. After a variety of details indicative of close observation, he added—"I do not think I can ever mention, out of my ship, what I believe to be the actual dimensions of the animal, they so far exceed what others have seen, and what I have seen myself hitherto in all countries where it is found. Those who even know me may still suspect exaggeration, and those who do not may not believe at all. Neither could I submit to the ridicule or witticisms of gentlemen who make an air of incredulity pass among their neighbours for superior discernment. Thus I shall probably never again mention the matter in conversation, especially among strangers." The fact is, however, mentioned in his private journal, which Captain Smyth, in his life of him, quotes; but, with that nervous apprehension of being disbelieved, which he avowed to me, reduces the length of the creature to thirty-six feet, even against his convictions.

Another tenant of the waters of the genus *squalus* occasionally attains a size which those who see it rarely, or in one or two localities only, can scarcely believe. In the volume just mentioned, Captain Smyth, speaking of the Seychelle Islands, states having been himself witness of the capture of a

* London: Printed for the Author, by John Gray, at the Cross Keys, in the Poitry, near Chesham. Dedicated to Sir Hans Sloane; on the occasion of the presentation of the original manuscript.

shark there of extraordinary dimensions. "In January, 1805, an enormous monster was taken in Mahé Bay, while cruising round our ship in company with many of her kind, and surrounded by a numerous progeny. She was caught with a small hook, which had been baited for rock-fish; and it was surprising that her attempts to escape should not have disengaged her. On the first perception of danger, and while she was being drawn alongside, the fry entered the mouth of the dam to seek safety. With some difficulty, and much dexterity, she was secured and slung; but such was the weight of the prey, that it required the fore and mainyard tackles to hoist her on board. After giving sundry violent flaps, she was overpowered, and I saw with astonishment, on a large gash being made in the belly, no less than thirty-eight young sharks tumble out of the orifice alive! They were each nearly two feet in length, and their mouths admitted a man's hand with ease." The size of the dam in feet is not given, but when it is remembered that such a powerful purchase, used for the heaviest bodies, was employed to raise her, we may be assured it was of the largest description. I have myself been twice on the Mahé, or Seychelle, Bank, and saw an extraordinary number of these animals, certainly several dozens, and of very large size, surround the ship at the same moment, another proof, if any were wanting, of the errors of writers on the natural history of the ocean, who assert that the habits of this voracious creature are solitary.

Looking, therefore, at analogies—at the vast extent of sea on the globe wholly unexplored, and of the little we know or can know of the chief contents of that which lies even contiguous to our own shores,—looking, also, at the statement of Captain McQuhae as to the shape of the head, and the length of the uncommon animal seen from his ship,—circumstances in which, if a man can believe his eyes at all, he is not likely to be far mistaken,—I am led to the conclusion, that his simple, matter-of-fact account, commands more consideration than the mere hypothesis of another, however ingenious his deductions, or eminent his scientific knowledge of natural history. I am, &c. &c.,

A DEPUTY INSPECTOR OF NAVAL
HOSPITALS AND OF FLEETS.

London, December 4.

Having resumed the topic, we may as well throw our retrospect a little on what has preceded. In our able contemporary, *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. XII., so long back as March, 1818, there was a clever paper on the Kraken, under the signature of W.; and in the next, No. XIII., a sequel on the "clear and undoubted testimonies" which proved the reality of Sea Serpents. With the former mighty polypus or cuttlefish, with its immense arms or branches, and peculiar odour, we have nothing at present to do; but may notice the data on which the correspondent in *Blackwood* goes in regard to the latter. He cites Isaiah, chap. xxvii. ver. 1, for "leviathan, the piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent, and shall slay the dragon that is in the sea." Job also speaks of "the crooked serpent;" and assuredly these biblical texts can neither apply to a whale, a seal, nor a string of porpoises. Of Pontoppidan and Egede the *Gazette* has stated all the pith (see No. 1857, with the engraving from the former); and Olaus Magnus reports of a similar huge creature abiding in the hollow of rocks, and living on land as well as in the sea.

But to come within our own times, the Rev. Mr. Maclean, secretary to the Wernerian Society, in 1809, when called upon by the naturalists of that day, gives a very particular account of the serpent from which he and his boat's crew fled in June, 1808, and which they encountered off the coast of Coll. As it pursued them towards the shore, its "head was raised;" "rather broad, of a form somewhat oval; its neck smaller; its shoulders, if I (he says) may so term them, rather broader; and thence it tapered to the tail, which it kept pretty low in the water." He estimated the length at 70 or 80 feet; and its motion was so rapid

that the boat hardly escaped from it to the shallows, from which it turned, and the shore.

At Canina, the crews of several fishing-boats, near the same date, encountered the same, or a similar phenomenon, and were much terrified by the apparition. Some months after, the dead body of a marine monster was thrown ashore on Stronza, one of the Orkney Isles.* It was 55 feet in length, and 10 feet in circumference, and had a mane or ridge of bristles from the shoulder to within 2½ feet of the tail. It is fully described by Dr. Barclay, in the 1st vol. of the *Memoirs of the Wernerian Society*; but Sir Everard Home (like Prof. Owen) was of opinion that the animal must have been a *Squalus Maximus*.

In 1817, the report of the Linnæan Society of New England gives a specific account of a prodigious animal, seen in the harbour of Gloucester, Cape Ann, about thirty miles distant from Boston, and which was "floating like a number of buoys or casks!" During ten days in August it was observed by many witnesses; and other persons brought to memory, that in 1780, 1809, and 1815, similar creatures had appeared near the same locality. Burns writes:

"Facts are chiefs that winna ding,
An' darena be disputed!"

but these facts are disputed, and in a manner to challenge candid consideration. In the ensuing May Number of *Blackwood*, a writer takes up the line so well handled by Professor Owen, viz., that it is strange the same phenomenon is not frequently seen by other vessels; that it is strange the creature does not increase in number and replenish the ocean; and that seamen are prone to exaggerate. And yet he acknowledges having himself seen a huge undescribed fish, in the Red Sea, swallow whole flocks of gulls, &c., with a "mouth (open at a considerable angle) resembling the great porch door of an old cathedral," but, in other respects, "innocuous." He also speaks of having seen harmless sea-snakes, 14 feet long, and laughs at the yarns which go beyond his own demonstrations.

Passing over other accounts of monstrous creatures seen at various times and in various places, we come to the recent and uncontradicted (though explained away) vision of the Dædalus. Captain McQuhae's story is a straightforward one—head four feet out of the sea; no fins visible; something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of seaweed about the neck; so much of the body as was seen not used as a propelling power; head without any doubt that of a snake; and Professor Owen says, stiff inflexible trunk, head with a convex moderately capacious cranium; short, obtuse muzzle; gape of the mouth not extending farther than to beneath the eye, which is rather small, round, &c.; estimated length, seen on the surface, at least sixty feet. On these data Professor Owen, comparing them with Captain McQuhae's rude little sketch, and the more artistically elaborated cut in the *Illustrated News*, contends that it must have been an enormous seal. Captain McQuhae replies: "I now assert neither was it a common seal nor a sea-elephant, its great length and its totally differing physiognomy precluding the possibility of its being a 'phoca' of any species. The head was flat, and not a 'capacious vaulted cranium;' nor had it a 'stiff inflexible trunk'—a conclusion to which Professor Owen has jumped, most certainly not justified by the simple statement, that no 'portion of the sixty feet seen by us was used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation.'"

In the *Literary Gazette* of November 11, No. 1660, was inserted a letter from an officer of the Dædalus, who describes the animal about sixty feet long, and the tail visible, working like a propeller, and throwing the water up in a similar manner.

In addition to this, the *Cornwall Gazette* has since published a letter from Lieut. Drummond, R.M.S., who says—"We observed a most remarkable fish on our lee quarter, crossing the stern in S.W. direction:

* Prof. Owen, from two of the vertebrae which are preserved in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, pronounces it to have been of the genus *serpente*, which are not distinguishable from the species called the Basking Shark.

the appearance of its head, which, with the back fin, was the only portion of the animal visible, was long, pointed, and flattened at the top, perhaps ten feet in length; the upper jaw projecting considerably; the fin was, perhaps, twenty feet in the rear of the head, and visible occasionally; the captain also asserted that he saw the tail, or another fin, about the same distance behind it; the upper part of the head and shoulders appeared of a dark brown colour, and beneath the under-jaw a brownish white. It pursued a steady and undeviating course, keeping its head horizontal with the water, and in rather a raised position, disappearing occasionally beneath a wave for a very brief interval, and not apparently for the purposes of respiration. It was going at the rate of, perhaps, from twelve to fourteen miles an hour, and when nearest was perhaps one hundred yards distant; in fact, it gave one quite the idea of a large snake or eel. No one in the ship had ever seen anything similar, so, at least, it is extraordinary. It was visible to the naked eye for five minutes, and with a glass for perhaps fifteen more. The weather was dark and squally at the time, with some sea running."

This statement is not very clear, or definite; but as far as we understand it, does not controvert any of the preceding accounts, in a manner to impeach their veracity. We have put everything together we can readily refer to on the question; and after all, who is to wear the triumphant Collar of S. S. is more than we can take upon ourselves to pronounce.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 14.—Sir R. H. Inglis in the chair. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury was elected into the Society. Read:—"On the effect of surrounding Media on Voltaic Ignition." By Mr. W. R. Grove. The author refers to some experiments of his published in the Philosophical Magazine for December 1845, and in the Bakerian Lecture for 1847, relating to the difference of ignition generated in a platinum wire heated by the voltaic current, when the wire is immersed in atmospheres of different gases. In the present paper these experiments are continued, the current being passed through two platinum wires both in the same voltaic circuit, but immersed in atmospheres of different gases. It appears from these experiments that the heat generated in the wire is less in hydrogen and its compounds than in other gases; and that when the wires and their atmospheres of gas are immersed in given quantities of water, the water surrounding the hydrogenous gases is less heated than that surrounding those which contain no hydrogen. Similar experiments, in which the wires are immersed in different liquids, are then given; the heat developed appears not to depend on the specific heat of either the gases or the liquids. The two series of experiments are brought into relation by one wire being immersed in hydrogen and the other in water, by which it appears that the cooling effect of the hydrogen nearly equals that of water. Further experiments are then given, in order to ascertain, if possible, to what chemical or physical peculiarity these cooling effects are due; and from them it appears that they are not due to the specific gravity, specific heat, or to any conducting power of the gases for electricity; and that they do not follow the same law as that by which gases escape from minute apertures. They apparently depend upon some molecular character of the gases, by which either the interchange of hot and cold particles is facilitated, or a superficial action takes place, the surface of the hydrogenous gases presenting a more ready escape to the heat, similarly to that which has been long observed with regard to the different molecular constitutions of solid bodies, such, for instance, as the more rapid radiation or absorption of heat by black than by white surfaces, in the present case the epiploic action being dependent on the surface of the aciform medium, and not on that of the solid substances.

* See also Brewster's Edinburgh Journal of Science, vol. vi. p. 128, where an important paper by Sir W. J. Hooker bears strongly in support of this belief.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

December 6th.—Mr. T. Webster in the chair. Mr. N. Holmes read a paper on the present state of Electricity as applied to Telegraphs, and exhibited his new signal in place of the old clock-work bell, producing the sound by means of an air whistle. In his treatment of the subject, he referred to his diamond instrument now working at all the commercial stations in England, effecting, as he states, an enormous decrease in the battery power, and to his new form of helix, further reducing the helical resistance in the instrument. As a means of improving the insulation of the telegraphic wires, the plan (illustrated by specimens) of encasing the wires in a nonconducting substance from end to end, was also brought forward. In conclusion, Mr. Holmes noticed the derangement of the telegraph was liable to receive from lightning, and from the influence of magnetic storms, and the modes hitherto adopted to counteract these phenomena were stated to be inadequate for the purpose.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SCIENCE.

THE American Association for the promotion of Science were strong in having M. Agassiz and Professor Rogers in the lists. Among the proceedings we deem of interest on this side of the world, the former, speaking on the outlines of Lake Superior, as caused by the geological structure of the surrounding region, stated that along the entire Northern shore of the Lake, and for some distance inland, as well as the islands on that side of the Lake, six distinct systems of dykes are exhibited, each consisting of numerous broad parallel beds of igneous erupted matter, and that the direction of the islands and of successive parts of the Coast line, was seen to conform itself to the bearing of these dykes as presented in each part of the Coast. Thus it appeared that the physical outline of this shore of the Lake was determined by the geological structure of the adjoining land.

He adverted to the enormous magnitude as well as the great number of these extensive igneous beds, and to the vast extent to which metamorphic phenomena are witnessed in the Sandstones and other sedimentary rocks lying adjacent to the igneous masses. These dykes he had found to run North and South.

Professor W. B. Rogers remarked that from his own observation on the Southern shore of Lake Superior, and from those of other observers in that region, it was apparent that the East and West dykes lying adjacent to that margin of the Lake, had in like manner determined the chief peculiarities in the configuration of the Coast. He also called attention to the fact of the remarkable correspondence between the igneous and metamorphic masses described by Professor Agassiz, as existing on the Northern side of Lake Superior and the great belt of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, extending from the Potomac to some distance south of the James River. The enormous amount of epidiotic Trap and other masses abounding in epidiotic, and the various masses containing this mineral and felspar, as well as the infusion of Epidiota into the adjoining Sandstones, which are presented in various stages of igneous alteration, form a feature of striking analogy between the Lake Superior district and the Blue Ridge of Virginia. The analogy between the rocky masses is augmented by the fact that Epidiotic rocks of the Blue Ridge, like those of the Northern shore of the Lake, abound in some localities in their fibres and threads and grains of metallic Copper. Professor R. further remarked upon the analogous geological position of the igneous and metamorphic rocks in the two cases, by stating that the oldest of the Appalachian rocks, which lie on the west flank of the Blue Ridge, are also found contiguous to the igneous rocks on the northern shore of Lake Superior.

Professor AGASSIZ hoped the investigations in this direction would be extended. Investigations would aid greatly in changing the system of rock formations as laid down in received standard works.

On the 5th and last day after peculiar Association business, the meeting adjourned to Cambridge, Mass., on Tuesday, the 14th of August next, and Professor

JOSEPH HENRY, the widely known Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was chosen President.

FOSSIL BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

IN our notice of the highly interesting collection of the fossil bones of the colossal *Moa* or *Dinornis*, of New Zealand, formed by Mr. Walter Mantell, of Wellington, and now deposited in the British Museum, allusion was made to the discovery of burnt bones of these gigantic birds, associated with those of man, and of a species of dog, in the mounds of ashes and charcoal, the remains of the ancient fires made by the early inhabitants of those islands. The collocation of these bones, all of which appeared to be in the same state of calcination, as if charred when recent, seemed to prove that the *Moa*, *Man*, and the *Dog*, had each been served up, roasted, at the feasts of the ancient Maories, and that cannibalism was practised by the aborigines, as well as by their descendants. This inference was doubted by many, but in a recent letter, Mr. W. Mantell mentions several particulars which tend to corroborate that supposition. That enterprising young naturalist has sent home some larger fragments of the egg-shells than those previously received, and he especially directs attention to the fact, that some of these, like the bones, have evidently been exposed to the action of fire while recent, for they are not only charred but bent—the outer pitted surface being concave instead of convex—a change not produced by heat on the fossil egg-shells found with the bones. Mr. Mantell also states that the burnt bones exhumed from the ancient fire-heaps present unquestionable proof, in their blackened appearance, of having been roasted while recent and containing their animal oil; and he contrasts with this fact, the calcined fossil bones found on the surface of the same area, in the heaps of recent ashes left by the fires of the crew of the Alligator, who for a time were encamped on the spot a few years ago. Some of the gigantic leg-bones appeared to have been cracked asunder, and chopped when recent; possibly the marrow of the *Moa* bones may have been a choice dish for the Maorian epicures. We perceive by the *Wellington Spectator*, of August last, that Mr. Walter Mantell is appointed government commissioner for the purchase and allotment of lands in the Middle Island of New Zealand. We may add that the colony, under the judicious and energetic government of Captain Grey, is rapidly improving. Mr. Mantell describes the natives as excellent workmen, quickly assimilating to their novel position as hired labourers. He had one hundred under his direction in the construction of one of the public roads; they worked regularly, and conformed to the rules laid down without a murmur; and often when returning with their tools to deposit them in the depot after the work of the day, would strike up a war-dance, using their spades and hoes instead of tomahawks and spears.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 16.—*Prize Subjects*.—The Chancellor, Prince Albert's gold medal for the encouragement of English Poetry has this year for its subject, "Tiths in Jerusalem." The composition to be in ode or poem, in heroic verse, not exceeding two hundred lines.

II. The Marquis of Camden's gold medal is announced for the best exercise in Latin hexameter verse, subject—

"Certa est

Seditio, seditque animis ignobilis vulgus."

III. The Parliamentary Representatives' prizes.—viz., two of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition; and two of fifteen guineas each, for the present year are—

1. For the Bachelors—"Bacons an Newton in Philosophia felicius elaboraverit, scriptis eorum inter se collatis, quicquid est."

2. For the Undergraduates—"Carli sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares; sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est."

IV. For Sir William Browne's three gold medals, of the value of five guineas each—

1. The best Greek ode in imitation of Sappho.

2. The best Latin ode in imitation of Horace.

3. The best Greek epigram after the model of the Anthologia, and the best Latin epigram after the model of Martial. The subjects are—

1. For the Greek Ode—"Cassandra."

2. For the Latin Ode—"Maurorum in Hispania imperium."

3. For the Greek Epigram—"ῥαβδὸν δέ τε νίμφης ἔργον."

4. For the Latin Epigram—"Sus Minervam."

V. The Porson prize, the interest of 400*l.* stock, in one or more Greek books, for the present year is—

Shakspeare. Julius Caesar. Act I. Scene 1.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice

to the words

most exalted shores of all.

The metre to be Tragicum Iambicum Trimeterum Acatalecticum.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

WE have something of an arrear to bring up. M. Guizot and the Chevalier Bunsen were admitted honorary fellows, and received with an excellent address from Lord Mahon, the president. Both these distinguished men acknowledged the honour with admirable taste, and gave in their adhesion to the society in a manner so cordial, that we cannot doubt their becoming most efficient members, and contributing much to its prosperity and future archaeological services.

Nov. 30.—Mr. Hallam, V. P., in the chair. Some medals, hardly old enough to be called antiquities, relating to the conquest of Porto Bello and Carthage, a century ago, were exhibited; but a paper by Mr. Hawkins upon them, and on earlier examples at the preceding meeting, gave much interesting information on medal striking generally. A discussion arose on an arrow-head or a nail, for the matter was not settled, which, if the former, was declared to be that which struck St. Edmund, and if the latter, might have nailed his coffin together, and was one of those matters which an Edie Ochiltree had better try to determine than a learned society. Sir H. Ellis then brought forward his proofs to demonstrate that the pseudo Shakspeare exhibited in the room is not a genuine portrait. He denied the assertion, as a known and recorded fact, that this picture had been hung in the vestry of St. Saviour's Southwark, its very name being unmentioned in any record of the parish, its church, or county of Kent. In Shakspeare's time, the Southwark church authorities and officers were most puritanically hostile to all plays and players, as dens of corruption and violators of morals. [This does not, however, quite disprove that the picture—though most unlikely, for what should take it there?—might not find its way to the vestry wall at a later period.] Besides, Zucchero, the pretended artist, had left England before Shakspeare left Stratford for London; and Dr. Compton, who was alleged to have kept the picture in a chest, never had it in his possession. Mr. Hallam mentioned another imputed portrait, of nearly the same period, called "the Bishop of Ely's," which had little resemblance to this, which, in consequence of this exposé, seemed to be unanimously ignored. We are somewhat inclined to revise our opinion upon that of Mr. George Nicol, though in reviewing Wivell, we have twice declared against it. It is, at any rate, a fine intellectual head in the upper story, though the countenance is weak below, and a Shakspeare might have done worse.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Public Meeting, Dec. 15th.—Mr. Burkett read an account of the wooden church at Greensted, Essex, which he illustrated with drawings and specimens, to which paper we shall probably return more in detail. The collection of Celts, fibulae, &c., previously submitted to the Council by Mr. Goddard Johnson, were placed on the table, and an animated discussion between Mr. Gould and Mr. White arose respecting the metal which Mr. Gould termed copper, but the latter gentleman stated from analysis to be alloyed with tin, and sometimes lead. He added that gold was occasionally found in Celts, and in a larger proportion than might be generally supposed.

Numerous articles, many of considerable interest, which had been communicated to the Council, were then sent round for the inspection of the members, and gave rise to various observations. Mr. Bisehoff exhibited a gold coin of Nero, recently found near Richborough; Mr. Purdue, a collection of Roman

pottery, rings, a torque, and several Roman toys, including a plough, axes, saws, spades, &c., said to have been recently discovered in a tumulus in Sussex; and Mr. Webster produced a collection of Celts in stone and bronze, with several Roman potter's and medical stamps. Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt forwarded for inspection a cast from the Runic Cross at Lancaster, engraved in vol. xxix. of the *Archæologia*, which he stated is far from being correctly represented there. Mr. Syer Cuming's paper on crystals of augury or divination was read; and after the Chairman had announced that the next Annual Congress of the Association would be held at Chester in August next, the Secretary read the communication made to him from the Mayor of Chester (Sir Edward Walker), and an account of the excavations which were going on in that city drawn up under the direction of the Local Committee, by Mr. William Ayrton, jun., and which was listened to with much attention. Drawings by Mr. Ayrton, of inscribed tiles, and a Roman vase, were placed on the table.

Mr. Keats congratulated the meeting on the judicious selection made by the Council of Chester for the place of their next Annual Congress, and gave an account of a Roman bath which he had visited in that very curious city. The Association then adjourned over the Christmas holidays.

FINE ARTS.

LECTURES ON ART.

PERHAPS at no former period in the history of this country has the student in the fine arts had such opportunities open to him, for his advancement, as at the present moment. It matters not to which school he turns—whether it be the Royal Academy, Suffolk-street, or Somerset House—at one and all, the advantages offered to him are, (independent of practical instruction,) lectures, directly and indirectly relating to every possible branch of study, and we would say, particularly at the Society of British Artists, where new subjects are brought forward, with which it is the duty of every artist to be familiar.

Mr. John Sandler's course on Perspective, and Mr. Strickland's on Human Anatomy having ceased, Professor Ansted delivered his on the "Phænomena of the Earth with reference to the theory and practice of Landscape Painting;" and, to show the importance of such a course, we have but to state, that he has already explained the phenomena of the earth's surface as affecting the art of painting and the principles of drawing; the atmosphere, its use and influence; the effects of water upon landscape, though it may be unseen. He pointed out the different kinds of rocks that have most effect on picturesque scenery; peculiarities of scenery where limestone is the prevailing rock; the cause of this, and of the varieties arising from colour, weathering, vegetable covering, &c. He then passed to sandstone, of the various kinds, mineral structure, and the remarkable appearances accruing from the action of currents of water, and its distinctive character with reference to vegetation; and has yet to treat of clay, slate, granite, and volcanic scenery.

At the Government School of Design, Mr. R. N. Wornum, since our last notice, has chosen the subjects of the Egyptian and Doric age of Greek embellishment, as part of the course on the "History, principles, and practice of ornamental art;" and, having first explained the great antiquity of Egyptian art, led us to infer, that the eighteenth century before our era was the earliest period at which we might with certainty fix the date of any Egyptian remains; but stated that at that time it was in its maturity, and, also, that it remained precisely in that state for two thousand years—owing, he concluded, to priestly dominion, and the practice of the son* always following the avocation of his father. Remembering, also, that every innovation was strictly forbidden, he passed in succession the ponderous monumental remains on the banks of the Nile, from Chendy to Alexandria, a distance of twelve hundred miles,

* We doubt the lecturer's chronology and theory.—
Ed. L. G.

pointing out the singular characteristics of each, and illustrating their peculiarities by numerous coloured drawings. The second lecture was rather a continuation of the one on Egypt, and explanatory of Asiatic than of the Doric age of Greek art; and if the materials of that period be slight and meagre in comparison, his elaborate descriptions of the sumptuousness of Asiatic art were truly interesting. He remarked, by the way, "that a frieze was originally introduced for the purpose of carrying ornaments, and signified figure carrier; and, if we are to respect original uses, a frieze without ornament is an anomaly."

The lectures on Anatomy, by Mr. J. H. Green, at the Royal Academy, are always made exceedingly interesting. A perfect master of his subject, he treats of human physiology as a matter equally as instructive to the artist as the dry details of anatomy. After the Christmas vacation, we shall have the usual discourses on painting, architecture, and sculpture.

The result, then, must be good, when we remember that here are men who have spent a vast portion of their lives in the acquisition of this knowledge, and are now tendering to the probationer in art information he could previously have obtained only with difficulty, if at all.

PANORAMA OF POMPEII.

Messrs. Burford and Selous have never set before the public a more interesting panorama than this, of which the preliminary private view took place yesterday. All that could be written about Pompeii could give very little idea of this extraordinary place. But under the pencil of our admirable panoramists we have it completely in Leicester-square, and need not travel from this peaceful spot to troubled and dangerous Italy to study its remarkable features. The city resuscitated from the dead and the surrounding country are painted *con amore*, and the effects are beautiful. Such was and such is the glowing South; but destruction swept over the one, and revolution deforms the other. It is well that we can visit and inspect both within the harmonious sound of Bow bell, and close to the baths and washhouses for our industrious carbonari and lazzaroni.

L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. By J. Milton.

This handsome volume is (as well as *The Prisoner of Gisors*) presented by the Art Union Society to every subscriber of the year 1848; and truly we cannot think the subscriber who only receives these publications ill off, even if his ticket should be drawn a blank! There are no fewer than thirty illustrations by eminent first-rate artists; and it seems to us as if they had entered into an honourable rivalry and noble competition to try which could paint his subject best. And not one has failed, though there are various degrees of merit. We may almost declare there is no mediocrity, but all excellent. Detail would therefore be superfluous; and we shall only repeat that we consider these designs upon passages from our illustrious epic bard to be worthy of him, most creditable to the English School of Art, and as creditable to the taste and liberality of the Art Union.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHRISTMAS FAKE!!!

MR. EDITOR.—Our great festival is now at hand, wherein we celebrate the Divine Advent, announcing "Glory to God on high; on earth, peace, good will towards men!" Besides the religious thanksgivings at this tide, it has always been a time for hospitality and social festivities, which, though unfortunately much weakened and neglected, still linger in many parts; and any presentable single man, of moderate dining-out talent, may yet look for some half-a-dozen invitations for Christmas-day. It requires little knowledge of history to convince us, that in a very early stage of society, mankind discovered the necessity of eating; though they differ much, even in the

present day, as to the desirable objects to satisfy the appetite, from the centipede-crunching South American, and blubber-gobbling Greenland, to the venison and turtle-bolting gourmand of civilized Europe. It is very much matter of fancy; for, speaking impartially, and free from the prejudices of education, one does not see that the crab, or the lobster, or the skate, or the frog, have much advantage in beauty over a fine, lively, well-fed centipede; or why blubber and tripe de roche may not be as good as green fat and sour krout. The change even in our own country is considerable; and though some ancient dishes still remain, yet others are so entirely obsolete, that notwithstanding they were formerly produced even at the highest tables, their appearance now would be the signal for the dispersion, in dismay, of the assembled guests. Only think of a porpoise at one end of the table, and a seal at the other, with gulls, curlews, and puffins, to garnish! Conger was another dish to set before the queen; and at the coronation feast of Catherine, wife to Henry V., were "counger" and "porpies rotyd." Edward III. endeavoured to restrain excess in meals, allowing only two courses and two sorts of meat, except at Christmas, and some other festivals,—saying, that in consequence of their extravagance in this respect, the people were "moult empovres dont ils n'ont poir d'aider as eux meismes ne a leur liege Seigneur en temps de bousioe sicome ils doivent." From the usual effect of sumptuary laws, it is to be presumed that, after this act, eating and drinking came more than ever into fashion. Skill in carving was a recommendation to a young man then, just as dancing the polka is now: Chaucer's squire could "carf before his fader at the table." In the time of Henry VIII., the porpoise kept its ground; and in 1509, we find, in a dinner for certain of the lords of council, one is charged 8s. A specimen of such a dinner may perhaps be admitted, as it shows the prices. The number of guests, unluckily, is not mentioned:—

"First, for brede, 12d.; ale, 3s. 4d.; and wyne, 16d. Secondly, 2 leynes moton, 8d.; maribones, 6d.; and powdered beef, 5d.; 2 capons, 2s.; 2 geese, 14d.; 5 conyes, 15d.; 1 legge moton, 5lb. whight, 4d.; 6 plovers, 18d.; 6 pegions, 5d.; 2 doz. larkes, 12d.; salt and sause, 6d.; butter and eggs, 10d.; wardens and quynces, 12d.; herbes, 1d.; spices, 2s. 4d.; flour, 4d.; whight cuppes and cruses, 6d. The cook's wages were 2s. 4d." (Lansdowne MS., 1, 49.)

This is a moderate dinner enough for Star-chamber lords, and would be put to shame by the commonest dinner at the London Tavern, (where, by the bye, they do the thing, whether on the moderate or luxurious scale, most admirably.) Gervase Markham, however, in the time of James I., has a much more enlarged view of the duties of dinner givers, as he supplies the following directions for a humble feast ("English Housewife," c. ii.):—

The first course of "sixteen full dishes—that is, dishes of meat that are of substance, and not empty, or for show; as thus, for example: first, a shield of brawn, with mustard; secondly, a boy'd capon; thirdly, a boy'd piece of beef; fourthly, a chine of beef roasted; fifthly, a swan's tongue roasted; sixthly, a pig roasted; seventhly, chervets bak'd; eighthly, a goose roasted; ninthly, a swan roasted; tenthly, a turkey roasted; the eleventh, a haunch of venison roasted; the twelfth, a pasty of venison; the thirteenth, a kid, with a pudding in the belly; the fourteenth, an olive-pye; the fifteenth, a couple of capons; the sixteenth, a custard, or dowsets. Now to these full dishes may be added, sallets, fricases, quelque choses, and devised paste, as many dishes more, which make the full service no less than two-and-thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on one table, and in one mess; and after this manner you may proportion both your second and

* If it were not for the accidental play on the words, we might say, that at a chancellor's table, a great seal might be seen at one end, and a cygnat at the other.

† So impoverished that they could neither serve themselves nor their liege lord when needed.

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third courses, holding fulness on one half of the dishes, and show in the other, which will be both frugal in the splendor, contentment to the guests, and much pleasure and delight to the beholder."

Master Markham does not state how many guests were to be apportioned to this humble feast. Some of the great halls of the Tudors must have resounded with revelry at this time, and their feasts must have quite eclipsed any gatherings in modern days. In "Archæologia," vol. xxv., are extracts from the household book of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, for Christmas, 1507-8,—from which it appears that there were hundreds at dinner, (on the Epiphany, between three and four hundred.) The provisions were most abundant: rounds of beef by the dozen, carcasses of mutton, sucking-pigs cut off in their infancy, birds by the score, swans, peacocks, herons, widgeons, &c. Fish, including sturgeon, conger, dog-fish, &c. Gallons of frumety and cream, with a goodly show of flagons of wine and ale to accompany the solids. One does not see, however, that respectable character the sirloin—"Ancient Sirloin, a man of a goodly presence, and full of expectation, as your ancient ought to be;" ("May-day," by Chapman, 4-1;) so that we may, if you choose, consider that title conferred, as some say it was, by the "merry" monarch, who, if living in modern times, would possibly have another epithet applied to him. Christmas, however, was always, *par excellence*, the time for feasting, and some particular dishes were generally introduced at this season. Amongst them, the boar's head was pre-eminent—"a fair and large boar's head, upon a silver platter, with ministralse." It was introduced in state, with flourish of trumpets and carols, all of which, however, is well known; but it may be observed (having met with it in a large country Christmas gathering "bedeck'd with bays and rosemary") that it is a very desirable relic of olden times. The turkey is now in great request on Christmas-day, and probably may have been so since the time of its introduction into England; but the goose preceded it, and even now keeps its place in many parts (especially in the north) in preference. Except as a vehicle for mustard and vinegar, &c., one does not immediately see the reason of the favouritism of brawn, which looks somewhat like a genteel compound of horn and gutta percha; however, people have eaten, do eat, and will eat it, and make believe it is good.

"Item: a collar of good large fat brawn
Served for a drum, waited upon by two
Fair long black-puddings, lying by for drumsticks."
(The Ordinary, by Cartwright, 2-1.)

Another dish was plum-broth, or plum-porridge,—something like plum-pudding in a liquid state.—And then the glorious Christmas pudding itself—may its shadow never be less! But, ladies, do not stone the raisins; you thereby lose that desirable slight prussic-acid flavour which you seek by artificial means to supply to some of your confections. The amiable mince-pie is of considerable antiquity; and the regard in which this is held can readily be appreciated; and it does not want the authority of the Lord Mayor (at whose feast it is prematurely introduced) to confirm its rank at our Christmas meetings. In that quaint work, "Poor Robin's Almanack," many descriptions may be found of provision for Christmas; and in almost all it impresses on us the propriety of caring for our poor neighbours at this time of rejoicing; and surely, when the heart is open, and our wants supplied even to superfluity, we should consider our poorer brethren who need the very necessities of life—ay, even in many cases, the means of subsistence. As Tusser says,—

"At Christmas be merry, and thanke God of all;
And feast thy pore neighbours, the great with the small."

And now, Sir,—to conclude with a homely but friendly saying,—“I wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!”—Yours, JAN. T.

* Till very lately, it not still a Christmas dish, liberally distributed in the Royal Palace, and to various of the household departments.—Ed. L. G.

SEASONABLE INFORMATION.

"Ghosts never appear on Christmas eve!"

So says the immortal Shakespeare; and the truth thereof few now-a-days, I hope, will call in question. Grose observes, too, that those born on Christmas day cannot see spirits; which is another incontrovertible fact. What a happiness this must have been seventy or eighty years ago and upwards, to those chosen few who had the good luck to be born on this festive day; when the whole earth was so overrun with ghosts, boggles, bloody-bones, spirits, demons, ignis-fatui, fairies, brownies, bugbears, black-dogs, spectres, shelly-coats, scarecrows, witches, wizards, barguests, Robin Goodfellows, hags, night-bats, scrags, break-necks, fantasmas, hobgoblins, hob-houblers, boggy-boes, dobbies, hob-trunks, fetches, kelpies, warlocks, mock-beggars, mumpokers, jemmy-burries, urchins, satyrs, Pans, fauns, sirens, tritons, centaurs, calcars, nymphs, imps, incubuses, spooms, men-in-the-oak, hell-wains, fire-drakes, kit-a-canticks, Tom-tumblers, melch-dicks, larrs, elf-witches, hobby-lan-thorns, Dick-a-Tuesdays, kilt-fires, Gyl-burnt-tails, knockers, elves, rawheads, Meg-with-the-wads, old-shocks, ouphs, pad-foots, pixies, pictrees,* giants, dwarfs, Tom-pokers, turgots, snapdragons, sprets, thrummy-caps, spunks, conjurers, thurses, spurns, tantarabobs, swaithes, tints, tod-lowries,* Jack-in-the-wads, mormos, changelings, redcaps, yeth-hounds, colt-pixies, Tom-thumbs, black-bugs, boggarts, scar-bugs, shagfoals, hodgepochers, hob-thrashes, bugs, bull-beggars, bygonns, bolis, caddies, bomen, brags, cutties, wraiths, waffs, flay-boggarts, fiends, gallytrots, imps, gytrashes, patches, hob-and-lanthorns, gringes, buguests, breens, bonelesse, bull-bears, peggoulers, pucks, fays, kidnappers, gally-beggars, hudskins, nickers, madcaps, trolls, Robinets, friar's lanthorns, silkies, cauld-lads, death-hearses, and goblins and apparitions of every shape and make, kind, and description, that there was not a village in England that had not its own peculiar ghost! Nay, every lone tenement, castle, or mansion-house which could boast of any antiquity, had its boggle, its spectre, or its knocker. The churches and church-yards were all haunted. Every green lane had its boulder-stone, on which an apparition kept watch by night. Every common had a circle of fairies belonging to it; and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit.

M. A. D.

P. B. Dec. 1848.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir John Barrow, Bart., F.R.S., LL.D.—The name of the late Sir John Barrow will occupy an honourable place among those highly gifted individuals of whom England is justly proud, and who, by their original genius and energetic minds, have, in their different walks of life, rendered eminent services to their country. The friends of his childhood and youth could not provide him with more than the ordinary means of instruction, but he seized on those means with avidity and industry, and it was his self-education that mainly conferred on him those powers which, when the day of trial arrived, he turned to so good an account.

The only scholastic education he received was at the Town Bank Grammar School of Ulverstone. On leaving school, he appears to have resided a short time at Liverpool, where he became acquainted with one Captain Potts, of the "Peggy" whale ship, who offered him a cruise up to Spitzbergen, of which he readily availed himself, and to this voyage may probably be traced the interest he took, in after life, in promoting those voyages of discovery to the Arctic regions, with which his name will be for ever associated.

On his return from his whaling cruise, he came to London, and accepted an appointment to a large academy at Greenwich, kept by Dr. James, his duty

* There is a village of this name near Chester-le-street, in the county of Durham. It is said to be the haunt of Phantom foxes.

being to instruct some of the upper boys in mathematics.

During the holidays, whilst on a visit to town, Sir George Staunton called upon him to ask him if he would give instructions to his son, the present Sir George, who was at that time a lad of ten or twelve years of age, and it was through this medium that he became acquainted with Lord Macartney, and was engaged in his lordship's embassy to China.

He was thus prepared, and on reaching manhood was enabled to put his foot on the first step of the ladder of ambition; but every subsequent move of his advancement in his distinguished career may be fairly said to have been achieved by himself. His talents and his zeal for the public service, when once known and placed in a fitting field for action, could hardly fail of being appreciated and duly fostered by those astute statesmen under whom he successively exerted them.

It so happened that the chiefs of the British Mission to China in 1792, the Earl of Macartney and the late Sir George Staunton, were, in some respects, not so happily provided with active and competent associates as might have been wished; but in Mr. Alexander, the draughtsman of the embassy, they were fortunate in possessing a very able and diligent artist; and Mr. Barrow, from his various acquirements, and the alacrity with which he applied himself to every department of the service, although his own was only a subordinate one, was a host in himself. The authentic account of the embassy, published by the late Sir George Staunton, records many of Mr. Barrow's valuable contributions to literature and science connected with China. This work, therefore, together with his own subsequently published supplemental volume of travels, is ample evidence how well his time had been employed. Had no unpropitious political events occurred to prevent the views and plans of the mission from being carried out, it is not too much to say that the able and ingenious men who were engaged in it would most probably have effected, by peaceful means, those improvements in the terms of our intercourse with China which, some 50 years after, have cost such a painful expenditure of blood and treasure. It was not to be expected that any person of mature age could within the space of a few months overcome all the practical difficulties of such a language as the Chinese; but Mr. Barrow had already begun to converse in it, and he had acquired a complete knowledge of its theory. His papers on this subject in the *Quarterly Review* contain probably the best and most popular account of that singular language and character which was ever presented to the British public.*

Although Mr. Barrow ceased to be personally connected with our affairs in China after the return of the embassy in 1794, he always continued to take a lively interest in the varying circumstances of our relations with that empire. On the occasion of the second embassy under Lord Amherst, in 1816, he was of course consulted by the ruling powers; but, unfortunately, although his advice was asked, it was not taken; and in consequence of the injudicious rejection of the proposal which his prophetic sagacity had suggested for getting rid of the vexatious question of the Chinese Kou tou ceremony, Lord Amherst and his colleagues were compelled to abandon the personal reception of the mission for the sake of preserving the honour and real interests of the English in China, which would have been essentially damaged by the acceptance of the terms upon which it was offered.

* A well expressed and ancient acknowledgment of this will be found from the pen of a critic in Blackwood, so long ago as March, 1818, who says, "The Quarterly Review, excellent as its general politics are, and highly interesting as many even of its literary criticisms have been, would long since have ceased to flourish but for the admirable accounts it contains of all the books of travels. The editor collects, with infinite assiduity, the MS. journals of every traveller who returns to London, and by digesting the information these contain, into the form of criticisms on some new book, he continues to render his work by far the richest geographical and statistical journal in the world." Since the date here given, (thirty years ago!) to how large an extent did Sir John Barrow add to the mass of literary and public obligation!—Ed. L. G.

Mr. Barrow was likewise consulted, and we believe more explicitly and confidentially, on the occasion of our recent conflict with China, which, it is to be hoped, has secured our future peace and intercourse with that country.

Lord Macartney was naturally anxious to secure the aid of such a man in his next public appointment, his important and delicate mission to settle the Government of our newly-acquired colony of the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Barrow was entrusted with our first communication with the Caffre tribes, and it would have been well for the national interests if the spirit, judgment, and humanity which he then displayed had more uniformly governed our subsequent transactions with that remarkable race. The two volumes of his history of the colony, and the unrivalled map with which they are illustrated, made the public at once fully acquainted with the extent, capacities, and resources of that important, but till then little understood acquisition of the British Crown.

There is little doubt that it was the perusal of this valuable work which mainly decided Lord Melville to accept of Lord Macartney's recommendation of a perfect stranger to him, as Mr. Barrow then was, to be his second secretary of the Admiralty. It is not our purpose to enter here into the merits of his subsequent career for forty years at the Admiralty. It would be, in fact, nothing less than the history of the civil administration of our navy for the same period. Suffice it to say, that he enjoyed the uniform esteem and confidence of the eleven chief Lords who successively presided at the Admiralty Board during that period, and more especially of William IV., while Lord High Admiral, who honoured him with tokens of his sincere personal regard. Mr. Barrow received the honour of the baronetcy during the short administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1835; and strong as party feeling ran at that time, not a voice was heard in disapproval of this exercise of the Royal prerogative.

He no doubt held strong opinions on the various national questions upon which the great political parties in this country are divided,—as who does not who has a heart devoted to his country, and a head capable of serving it! But he never suffered any party feeling or bias to interfere with the zealous discharge of his official duty; and it so happened, that the most remarkable and active period of his public labours at the Admiralty was that during which he was occupied in carrying out those important changes, which have so much improved and simplified the system of the civil administration of the navy, and which were introduced by Sir James Graham, under a Whig administration.

Sir John Barrow retired from public life in 1845, in consideration of his advanced years, although he was still in vigorous possession of all the mental and bodily powers required for the due discharge of the functions of his office. In the course of the succeeding three years his vital energies became gradually somewhat weaker, but he seemed on the whole so hearty and so fully in the enjoyment of his faculties, that his friends and relatives entertained no apprehension that his end was so near. The anxiety arising from the death of his lamented son-in-law, Colonel Batty, very probably hastened the termination of his life. He expired suddenly, and without suffering, at his residence in London, on the 23rd ult., in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and in the midst of the greater portion of his amiable and afflicted family.*

He lived to have the gratification of seeing his sons enjoying honourable distinction in the public service: the elder, now Sir George Barrow, in the Colonial-office, and the next, Mr. John Barrow, at the Admiralty. The latter has been favourably distinguished by having been employed by Sir George Cockburn to arrange and bring out the existing regulations and instructions for the government of the

naval service, a very arduous as well as important undertaking, his able performance of which procured for him the marked approbation of the Board, as specially recorded in an official minute; and he is now at the head of a very essential department—the charge of the Records. He is also well known to the public by his talents as an author. He has given us some very pleasing accounts of his travels abroad (all favourably reviewed in the *Literary Gazette* as they appeared); and his antiquarian researches at home have brought to light many very curious particulars relative to some of our celebrated naval worthies.* Sir John's third son, Commander Wm. Barrow, of the royal navy, a very promising young officer, died about ten years ago.† After having served three years on the East India station, in the command of her Majesty's sloop *Rose*, and while zealously engaged in the discharge of his duties in the Straits of Malacca, his health unfortunately failed him, and having consequently been invalided at the Cape of Good Hope, on his passage home, he died there in February, 1838. His youngest son, Mr. Peter Barrow, is British Vice-Consul at Caen.

Sir John Barrow had the moral courage to publish, during his life-time, his own biography, and he modestly states his motives in the following words:—"To trace my progress through the vicissitudes of a life extended beyond the general period of human existence, and, by the mercy of God, without any painful suffering from accident or disease, has been my object, more with a view of benefiting my children and theirs, by the example it holds forth of industrious habits, than with any other." We are sure the public have been thankful to him for this interesting addition to his otherwise numerous publications, and will wish that other eminent men, whose career has been similarly distinguished, and similarly worthy of imitation, may follow his example.

We have said nothing yet of his various other works, whether published in his own name, or anonymously inserted in various Reviews, chiefly the *Quarterly*; because they are already well and generally known, and speak for themselves. During a long series of years, (as we have already intimated in a Note,) whenever an article illustrative of science or enterprise appeared in the *Quarterly*, the public at once recognised the hand from which it proceeded, and valued it accordingly. He had, indeed, not only a remarkable facility in composition, but, what was of still more importance, that of detecting, sifting, arranging, and applying all those dispersed, and often obscure, materials which were essential to the elucidation of his subject, but which, however important in themselves, were, in their crude state, almost unnoticeable and valueless. He was, however, surprised, when his Publisher, Mr. Murray, presented him with ten portly and handsomely-bound volumes, containing the *Essays* of his own composition, selected from the *Quarterly*, and comprising, at least, one fourth part of that Periodical, as it then existed.

It is impossible, even in this brief Memoir, to pass over altogether without farther notice one remarkable feature of Sir John Barrow's official life—his advocacy and promotion of the several Polar Expeditions. Although it would be absurd to impute the direct responsibility for these expeditions to any other quarter than the several Administrations during which they were undertaken, there can be no question but that these enterprises originated in Sir John Barrow's able and zealous exhibition, to our Naval Authorities, of the several facts and arguments upon which they might best be justified and prosecuted as national objects. The anxiety now prevailing respecting the fate of Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions, throws at this moment somewhat of a gloom on this subject; but it ought to be remembered that, up to the present period, our successive Polar Voyages have, without exception, given occupation to the energies and

gallantry of British seamen, and have extended the realms of magnetic and general science, at an expense of lives and money quite insignificant compared with the ordinary dangers and casualties of such expeditions, and that it must be a very narrow spirit and view of the question which can raise the cry of "Cui bono," and counsel us to relinquish the honour and perils of such enterprises to Russia and the United States of America.

On the 24th May, 1830, at a numerous meeting of the members of the Raleigh Traveller's Club, which was held at the Thatched House Tavern, Sir John (then Mr.) Barrow, took the chair.

It was submitted, that among the numerous literary and scientific societies established in the British metropolis, one was still wanting to complete the circle of scientific institutions, whose sole object should be the promotion and diffusion of that most important and entertaining branch of knowledge, geography.*

That a new and useful society might therefore be formed, under the name of "the Geographical Society of London."

At a second meeting, Mr. Barrow announced from the chair that the society had been honoured, with the gracious patronage and permission of his Majesty, to be called "the Royal Geographical Society of London."

From the above it will be seen what a leading part was taken by Sir John Barrow in the formation of this important society, of which he continued to be at all times a most zealous supporter, and which we trust will long flourish, as it deserves to do, for its great utility in the promotion and advancement of geographical knowledge in every quarter of the globe.

We cannot close this brief Memoir of Sir John Barrow more appropriately than by the following pleasing extract, abridged from the account of his decease in the *Ulverstone Advertiser*, a provincial journal, published in his native district in Lancashire:—

"Sir John never forgot the spot that gave him birth. By his will, the annual subscription which he had been in the habit of contributing for a long series of years to the support of the School in which he was educated, is to be continued, and his cottage at Dragley-beck given over in perpetuity to trustees, that the rent may be appropriated to the education of the poor at the same school.

"His memory will long survive, and his example be held up for imitation by all who derive their birth or education from the same locality. The name of Sir John Barrow is a household word amongst us; although he who bore it is departed, his memory still lingers lovingly about our hearths, and will continue to be cherished by our children's children, through many a generation.

"Sir John having expressly desired that his funeral should be quite private, none will be expected to attend it beside his three sons and grandson, and his old friends, Sir George Staunton, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker, his former colleague and near connexion, through the marriage of the present Sir George Barrow to a sister of Mrs. Croker. Yesterday being the day of the interment, it was observed at Ulverston by the tolling of the bells of the old church; and a blue ensign, half pole high, waved over the cottage in which he was born."

The grandson here mentioned is an intelligent young man, and the eldest son of the late Col. Batty.

We have only to annex a list of Sir John's publications, not one of which, within the term of our literary existence, (since January, 1817,) except his contributions to periodicals, has appeared without receiving the humble yet cordial tribute of our applause. In the *Quarterly Review*, 195 articles; forming 12 volumes of the work. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 12 articles. *Life of Lord*

* We are proud to say that the first suggestion for forming such a Society was given in a letter from a gentleman in the India House, inserted a short time previous to this meeting in the *Literary Gazette*.—Ed. L. G.

* Our very brief notice of the death of this distinguished individual required to be followed up by as complete a Memoir as we could make out, though still insufficient to mark the value of such a public servant and so eminent a Literary Character.—Ed. L. G.

* In conjunction with his brother, another literary task has been left to his filial charge. We can state that Sir John Barrow had just finished for the press a Supplemental Chapter to his Autobiography, relating to the Royal Society and the Club, which they intend forthwith to publish.—Ed. L. G.

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Macartney, 2 vols. 4to. Travels in South Africa, 2 vols. 4to. Travels in China, 1 vol. 4to. Voyage to Cochinchina, 1 vol. 4to. Life of Lord Anson, 1 vol. 8vo. Life of Lord Howe, 1 vol. 8vo. In the Family Library—Life of Peter the Great; and Mutiny of the Bounty. Chronological History of Arctic Voyages, 1 vol. 8vo. Voyages of Discovery and Researches within the Arctic Regions, 1 vol. 8vo. Autobiography, 1 vol. 8vo. We may add to this goodly number, a small Treatise to explain the Practical use of a Case of Mathematical Instruments, being, as the author observes in his Autobiography, his "first introduction to the press, for which I obtained twenty pounds, and was not a little delighted to send my first fruits to my mother."

Mr. Piper, so long a respectable and respected partner in the house of Sherwood and Co, we are sorry to record has not lived to see the Christmas of 1848. He was held in high esteem by the whole Trade, and his loss will be much regretted.

THE DRAMA.

Royal Theatricals.—The preparations for drawing up the curtain at her Majesty's (private) Theatre Royal, Windsor Castle, have been completed; and on Thursday next, the Director, Mr. Keen, to whose management the entertainments have been entrusted, will open with *Shylock*, very strongly cast: himself *the Jew*; Mrs. Keen, *Portia*; *Gratiano*, Webster; *Old Gobbo*, Meadows; *Launcelot*, Keeley; *Nerissa*, Mrs. Keeley; *Jessica*, Miss E. Montague (now, we see, Mrs. Compton); and other parts by Wigan, Rogers, Howe, L. Murray, and other popular actors. The stage is stated to be 24 feet wide and 34 feet deep, skilfully and handsomely lighted, with scenery by Stanfield and W. Grieve, made to move panoramically on rollers (not to jerk together slap in the centre of landscapes or buildings), and other improvements, befitting good taste and regal patronage. But it is the latter which in this instance must be felt as most beneficial to the Drama, the Stage, and its professors. Since the age of Queen Elizabeth they have had no such direct and personal sovereign countenance; nor even then were they brought in such a manner, as it were, into the immediate society of the Court. This ought to operate upon the minds of the performers, and raise them in their own estimation, as it is well calculated to do in the estimation of the public. A feeling of just pride will produce a sense of high conduct as a necessary result; and the proprieties of Windsor Castle will spread their consequences throughout the couliesses of every theatre in town. We rejoice in this; for private character (let folks argue as they will about our having nothing to do with agn beyond the talents we see behind the lamps) sheds an additional lustre and interest alike on the performers and performances. There is another point of view in which this novelty strikes us as of some importance. What will Exeter Hall and Puritanism think or say of this act of her Majesty? It seems to be a heavy blow and sore discouragement to the putery which has, for about three centuries, been raised against stage-plays and players, and their immorality and licentiousness. Will the Platform and the Pulpit rise in remonstrance? We know there are some zealots who have already resorted to the press against the drama; and it is very probable that we shall have them in print again, as well as others who hold theatricals in abomination. Meanwhile there are to be five weekly evenings in the Royal Palace, from the first next week, through the month of January. *Used Up*, and *Box and Cox*; *Hamlet*; *The Stranger*, and *Twice Killed*; *The Housekeeper*, and *Sweethearts and Wives*, are the pieces announced. And the names of Harley, Buckstone, C. Mathews, Farren, Compton, F. Mathews, Wright, Vandenhoff, Bland, Munyard, Granby, Mrs. Warner, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Humby, Miss Woolgar, &c., appear in the bills, or perhaps we ought to write programme. Several others may be missed from this list, and we understand, would have been enrolled in it, but for having declined to appear in the characters which were offered to them, and, in one instance at

least, refused to act at Windsor in any part. This of course is matter for private consideration and decision, and we have no right to offer an opinion upon the subject; and we shall only add, that the lady accustomed to the highest walk in tragedy, a gentleman only second to the first in the same line, and the best and most spirited of our melodramatists, come, as we are assured, within this category.

We fancy there will be no regular journal criticisms upon the Windsor theatricals. Should they be continued, we might hope to see some of our foremost dramatic authors endeavour to be the Ben Jonson's of our time!

Covent Garden.—Closed as we noticed some time ago, and is not to be re-opened for the Christmas pantomime, nor till the Italian Opera season commences. That it has left, however, one "sweet-smelling odour," even from the midst of its misfortunes, will appear from the following.

LINES

To Miss Bassano, on her debut as MALCOLM GRAME, at this Theatre.

Is the thorn in thy breast, thou Nightingale?
Is the thorn in thy breast, that thus thou bringest
From Music's treasury such tones?—and singest
Their melody upon us, as o'er vale
And hill a rich rose flings upon the gale
Its fragrance! But not like the bird thou singest
With sorrow in thy heart; for tho' thou wringest
Men's souls with pained pleasure till they pale
Beneath the haunting sense of harmony,
Thy soul is calm, blest in its high ambition—
Blest in its sacred object to create
For others what for thine own self thou mind'st not!
Sweet Friend! (May I not call thee so?) Fruition
Of all thine aspirations may'st thou gain,
Till brighter realms bestow such boons as here thou
find'st not!

C. C.

Haymarket.—A very neatly written and sparkling farce, capably acted by Keeley in the principal part, and well supported by all else engaged in its representation, is the only novelty we have to record at the "little theatre." It is called *Your life's in danger*, and will draw forth many a hearty laugh during this merry making and holiday season.

Princess's.—*Cutlets for Two*, produced here on Tuesday evening, is an adaptation of a lively French farce, founded upon the perplexities that arise from its unfortunate hero being mistaken for a fugitive adherent of the Prince of Orange, at the period immediately antecedent to the Revolution of 1688, which occurs at the very nick of time to permit the curtain to fall upon a happy and satisfied *Dramatis Personæ*. There are a culinary professor out of place, amusingly personated by Mr. Oxberry; a pert waiting-maid, in the hands of Miss Emma Stanley; a conspiring major, and a meddling borough-reeve, characters that may well serve, when mixed up in ludicrous incidents, to amuse an audience pleasantly enough for the space of time usually allotted to a one act farce.

St. James's.—Robert Houdin with plenty of his old marvels, and some new and clever inventions in the art *mysterieuse*, is alternating with Dumbolton's *Serenaders*, at this pleasant theatre. To describe his extraordinary legerdemain is out of the question; it must be seen to be believed, and we need only say that for holiday folk the entertainment is most attractive.

Adelphi.—The custom of adapting Mr. Dickens' Christmas Book for the stage has been so regularly followed, that it is somewhat too late in the day to discuss its propriety, or we might inquire whether it is worth while, on the part of the author, to sanction with his *imprimatur* the stage representation of a story that depends for its thorough appreciation on a careful following out by the reader of a chain of metaphysical reasoning, or the enunciation of a principle; or, on the other hand, on the part of the manager, to devote his energies to the production of a piece that is in its very essence undramatic. Both, however, would probably rest their justification upon the fact, that the public demand a dramatic version of these tales; and in this view, where actors and scene-painters have done their best, neither audience nor actors have any right to complain. We have rarely witnessed a first representation in which so much was

well done as on the occasion of the performance of *The Haunted Man* at the Adelphi. The scenery was beautiful, and each character a perfect realization, as far as the stage would allow, of the author's idea. Especial mention should be made of Miss Ellen Chaplin's performance of the wretched boy, which was picturesque, and almost painfully true—of Mr. Wright and Mrs. Frank Matthews as Mr. and Mrs. Tetterby—and of the multizided gradation of supernumerary children who figured as the little Tetterbys. The house was crowded, and the applause, though mixed with a few hisses, overwhelming.

The Oratorio of Elijah, performed at Exeter Hall yesterday week, in aid of the Mendelssohn Scholarships, was a superb musical treat, and filled the Hall with a brilliant and, we presume, a productive audience. Jenny Lind was of course the great attraction, and sang the sacred music divinely, and purely without the foreign aid of ornament. M. Benedict conducted; the Harmonic Society, a hundred of Hullah's upper classes, many from the Royal Academy, and others from various institutions, gave "voice" to the choral music, and above a hundred instruments swelled the strain. In the solos the Misses Williams and Miss Duval, and Messrs. Lockey, Machin, Smythson, and Novello sang with Mlle. Lind; and the whole was given, as it was composed, in admirable style. The company, borne away by the beauties of the performance, were enthusiastic in their applause; and London, perhaps, has never witnessed such a triumph in music. Mr. H. Smart presided at the organ, and gave every effect to that important instrument.

VARIETIES.

What is in a name?—On the 15th, the roof of the chapel of the *Maison de Sarcet*, at Antwerp, fell in! **Egypt.**—An extensive mine of good coal is stated to have been discovered on the banks of the Nile, near Esneh: if true, a very important discovery for the country.

Floods in England.—The overflow of the Severn from Sunday to Wednesday last, laid large tracts of country, about Shrewsbury, Leominster, &c., under water. Notwithstanding which, at the latter place, it is said Sir E. B. Lytton addressed the *Wave-ers*, in so convincing a manner, that he rose to the top of the tide. Some of the electors appeared to be waiting till the current got into the cellar.

American Eloquence.—An orator at Ulica compared John Van Buren to "a whale whose oil would feed the lamps of liberty to all eternity."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adventures in Borneo, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Annals of Horticulture, 1849, royal 8vo, cloth, 16s.
Art of Painting, 8vo, cloth, 9s.
Art Union for 1848, 4to, cloth, 27s.
Aytoun's (W. E.) *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Beauties of Sir Walter Scott, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Bevan's (S.) *Land of Canaan*; *Adventures in Egypt*, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Bennett's (J. H.) *Cancerous and Canceroid Growth*, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Bickersteth's (Rev. E. H.) *Poems*, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Book of Common Prayer, in Latin, 24mo, boards, 5s. 6d.; calf, 10s. 6d.
Brailwater's *Retrospect*, vol. 18, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Burke's (J. B. Esq.) *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*, 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth, £1 4s.
Calvin's (John) *Life and Times*, translated by H. Stebbing, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, £1 4s.
Calcott's *Grammar of Music*, 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Carlyle's (J. D.) *Dante*, post 8vo, cloth, 14s.
Christmas Souvenir, edited by Catherine Long, 22mo, silk, 3s. 6d.
Cook on the Teeth, 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Country and Town, a Tale for little Girls and Boys, square, cloth, 2s.
Cummings (J. S.) *Athalma*; a Tale of the Sea, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 31s.
Doctor Birch and his Young Friends, square, 8s.; coloured 7s. 6d.
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Dec. 23	11 59 32.8	Dec. 27	12 1 32.6
24	12 0 2.9	28	12 2 1
25	12 0 32.9	29	12 3 5
26	1 2 8		

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We are not able, at the moment, to answer the following questions, perhaps some of our friends may instruct us. "Can you say whether the ancient Hymnary's inscriptions given by Lieutenant Wellsted have been translated, and where they can be found—that from Weh in particular? Professor Gesenius and Mr. Forster were both employed on them, as appears from the *Literary Gazette*, 1848-9, but no explanation is given there. If you could state where the alphabet of these records is published, and the latitude and longitude of Weh, it will oblige you, &c.,

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